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SIXPENCE.

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THANE OF GLAMIS! THANE OF CAWDOR! KING!—SIR HERBERT TREE AS MACBETH AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

A STUDY BY FRANK HAVILAND.

In Macbeth, Sir Herbert Tree has added a very notable figure to the long list of Shakespearean characters he has played. His conception of the brave yet fearful Scot is, to use his own words, "not that of the traditional bloodthirsty murderer, but as the man in whom is fought out the struggle between ambition and conscience. . . . Macbeth, at moments in his

great introspection, with its suggestion of Hamlet philosophy, seems to be in the hands of a force beyond both his moral and mental strength. What manner of man he is becomes apparent as he passes through his fiery ordeal." The manner in which Sir Herbert Tree embodies this reading of Macbeth's character constitutes a remarkably powerful piece of acting.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F. HOOPER.—The games will probably be published in book form at the end of the Tournament.

L. WATSON.—1. Kt to K 7th (ch) will not solve Problem No. 3511. We are much obliged for your problem, but it is of a type that never found favour with our solvers.

F. GRANT (New York).—Solutions correct. We are much obliged for the cutting of Mr. Shinkman's pretty problem.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3505 received from J. E. Daly (Hasselt); of No. 3508 from J. Thurnham (Tollington Park); S. Foster (Gibraltar); and F. Grant (New York); of No. 3510 from Jacob Verrall (Ridmell); J. B. Camara (Madeira); Fidelitas, T. E. Booth (Poplari); of No. 3511 from Rev. G. F. Money, Sorrento; Fidelitas, T. Roberts (Hastings); F. Brown (Dover); and F. R. B. (Gloucester).

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3511.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE.

1. Kt to B 3rd

2. Kt (B 3rd) to R 4th

3. Q mates.

BLACK.

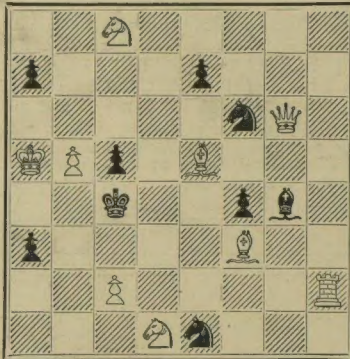
K to K 5th

R to Q 4th or P to Q 6th

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. Q to B 2nd (ch), and if 3. P to Q 6th, 2. Q takes P (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3514.—By E. R. GITTINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played in the International Tournament at Carlsbad.

between Messrs. SCHLICHTER and PERLIS.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. P.) WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. P.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

2. Kt to K 3rd B to B 3rd

3. P to B 4th P to Q 3rd

4. Q to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 3rd

5. P takes P Q takes Q

6. P takes Q B takes Kt

7. P takes P

8. P takes P

9. R takes B

10. B to Q 2nd

11. B takes B

12. B to Kt 5th (ch) K Kt to B 2nd

13. K to K 2nd

14. K to K 2nd

15. R to B 4th

16. K to Q 3rd

17. B takes Kt

18. P to Kt 4th

19. R to R 4th

20. K to B 5th

21. Kt to K 5th

22. R takes Kt

23. R takes Kt

24. K takes R

25. K to K 5th

26. R to K 7th

27. K to Q 3rd

28. R to K 6th

29. R to K 8th (ch)

30. R to K 7th (ch)

31. P to Q 4th

32. P to Q 6th

33. R to K 7th (ch)

34. K takes P

35. K to B 4th

36. P to Kt 4th

37. K to R 7th

38. P to Kt 4th

39. K to Q 5th

40. K to K 6th

41. P to Q 7th (ch)

42. R to R 6th

43. P to Q 6th

44. R to Q 6th

45. R to Q 6th

46. P takes R (ch); and although Black's Pawn may Queen first, mate follows.

White's tactics should be well considered. He is staking his fortunes on his centre Pawns, leaving Black to do what he likes with the others.

Very clever. White, of course, threatened 8. P takes P; but that could be guarded against by 8 to K 5th, retaining the piece. In such case, however, White wins by 8 R takes P, & takes R, 9 P to B 7th, etc.

The position is now one in the handling of which White is supreme. He has an intangible advantage which to most players would mean no more than a draw. With unfailing judgment he chooses the line of action, with unerring precision the correct stroke, and so gradually wears his opponent down. His play should be studied move by move.

13. K to K 2nd

14. K R to Q B sq

15. R to B 4th

16. K to Q K sq

17. B takes Kt

18. P to Kt 4th

19. R to R 4th

20. K to B 5th

21. Kt to K 5th

22. R takes Kt

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MOUSME" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

NOT so fresh and joyous and uniformly charming an entertainment as its predecessor, "The Arcadians," still picturesque in respect of setting, pretty so far as the sentiment of its story goes, consistent in its plot, bright and appealing as to its score, especially that part for which Mr. Monckton is responsible—so may be summed up the impressions produced at a first hearing of the new musical comedy which Mr. Courtneidge presents at the Shaftesbury now under the title of "The Mousme," otherwise "The Maids of Japan." There are two maids of any account who figure in this piece. Ore, O Hana San, is a romantic person, who has thought of turning priestess, but suddenly learns to love, and sells herself into slavery as a geisha that she may pay a debt of honour of her soldier-lover's. The other girl, Miyo Ko San, is a little coquette who by her mischievousness and teasing ways causes her sweetheart infinite bewilderment. The coquette's part is, of course, played, and played vivaciously, by Miss Cicely Courtneidge, to whom are allotted one or two bright songs and dances, as well as a share in a taking duet. But it is Miss Florence Smithson, as the romantic heroine, to whom the musical honours fall. Her famous top-note is heard more than once during the evening's performance, and she has one ballad—given when the geisha seems at the mercy of the villain—which is bound to be immensely popular. The humours of the play are not at present in a very forward state; but Miss Ada Blanche as an unwitting bigamist, and Mr. Dan Rolyat (already provided, as one of this lady's husbands, with a rollicking ditty, "Simply Send for Suki"), are sure soon to work up the fun in the approved musical-comedy manner. At present the sentiment is the predominant as it is the best element in the story. And O Hana San's love affairs get into such a tangle that only an

earthquake, it appears, can shake them into order. Fancy an earthquake in a musical comedy! But it is wonderfully effective.

"THE GREAT NAME" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It is difficult to understand what prompted Mr. Charles Hawtrey to adapt, for his own appearance in it, the play from the German which he calls "The Great Name"; for it contains no Hawtrey part, in the sense familiar to every playgoer, and even though there may be a certain novelty for him in assuming the guise of a musical composer, there are little more than externalities about the character of John Harcourt, and our light comedian is good for something more than exhibiting alternately moods of good-nature and irritability. This drama is elaborated out of unpleasurable sentimentalities and feeble pleasantries that, one had thought, had been given the go-by on the stage these dozens of years past. "Make-believe" of a rather tall order is demanded by the authors of "The Great Name." First you are to suppose that of two musicians, old colleagues and rivals, the less gifted has made a fortune by pot-boiling (in the musical-comedy line); while the other, a genius, has met with failure and discouragement, and cannot get a great symphony he has written produced at all. But a woman whom both loved has not made any mistake—oh no; she married the genius, and is content to share his poverty. The inevitable coincidence, of course, makes the two men meet; the "failure" is first violin in an orchestra, the "success" is conducting. Kind go-betweens make the facts known, and induce the successful man, if you please, to father his embittered rival's symphony, and, by a pious fraud, to lift the failure on to the road to success. Amiable domestic touches and a caricature of a Jewish music-player, rendered screamingly funny by Mr. Arthur Playfair in his every speech and gesture, are elements that prevent the play from going flat; and, of course, Mr. Hawtrey is quaint as the "waltz-king," so far as he may be; and Mr. Hearn brings out in happy contrast the rival musician's aspect of depression and disappointment. But it is a poor thing, this "Great Name," despite its title.

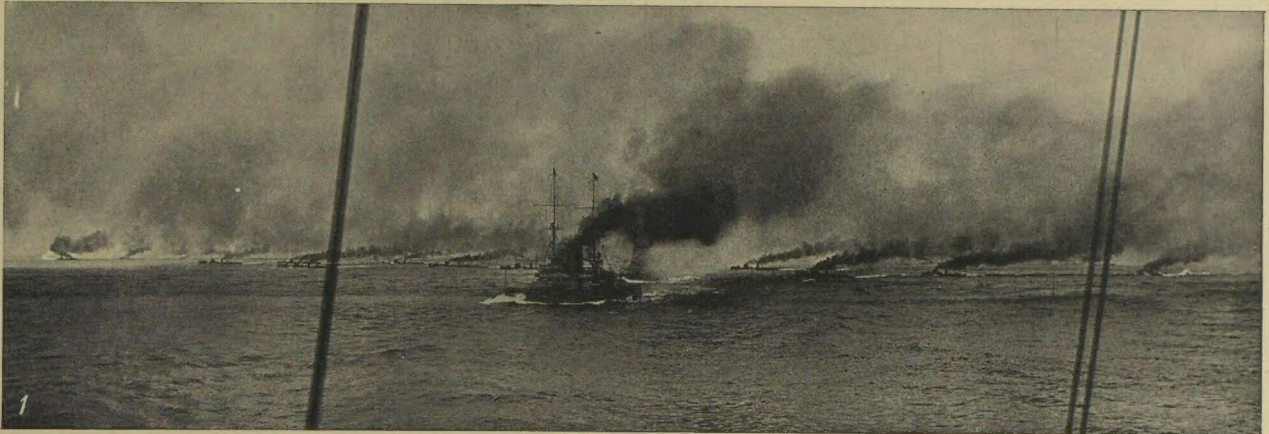
"THE OGRE" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who has had his spells of bad luck, on achieving another real success at last. Strange would it have been if the author of "The Liars," the finest comedy of a generation, had proved incapable of getting back to his old form. He has done so in "The Ogre," which is as good as the last play of his which won popularity, "Dolly Reforming Herself," or, indeed, rather better than that. The play may be termed a modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew." It is safe to say that all London will flock to see Nicholas Fawcitt nail his colours to the mast—in other words, hammer a pair of hunting-breeches above his mantel-piece to serve as symbol in place of the sporting print his naughty wife smashes to pieces in a tantrum. The Ogre wins all along the line—wins the battle with her, and again with his children, notably his girl children. It is easy to see that Mr. Jones has no sympathy with the feminist movement. He would hardly deny how much indebted he is to his two chief interpreters. Mr. Alexander is delightfully easy and nonchalant, and yet authoritative, as the wife-tamer. Miss Kate Cutler's moods and tantrums of revolt, her delicious inconsequences and cajoleries, and her bursts into tears are worthy of an Ethel Irving or a Mary Moore, and yet are far from imitative of either artist. Mr. A. E. Matthews, as the son who has got mixed up with a variety actress; Miss Maide Hope, as the lady in question, who marries too hurriedly; and Mr. Sydney Valentine, as a gardener with a recipe for managing wives, are all most amusing, and help to throw quaint side-lights on Mr. Jones's main theme—the trials of matrimony.

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND" AT WYNDHAM'S.

"Perplexed" he certainly was, the husband of Sophie Pelling, most amiable and unassuming of business men, when, on reaching home from a journey, all eagerness to greet his young wife, he found her with a strange jargon on her tongue, reminiscent alternately of Ibsen's revolting heroines and of our Suffragist orators; and she told him she had been living with a strange man, and must realise herself and live her own life. But it did not take him long to ascertain the reason of this transformation or the identity of the inspirer of her pitter. In point of fact, Sophie had been entertaining and spending her days with a "philosopher" blessed with a fine gift of the gab, and a corresponding influence over women. Sitting at his feet, she has caught his phrases, and parrots them in all sincerity. And now she cannot bear her husband near her, and openly prefers the company of the flabby philosopher. What is Tom Pelling to do? He has tried protest, ridicule, pleading with his wife; he resorts at last to diplomacy. He, too, will be a disciple of Clarence Woodhouse, and the philosopher shall have a new woman admirer. Thus Sophie is cured. Harder hit is her friend, Dulcie Elstead, a woman, as Miss Henrietta Watson interprets her, obviously sex-balked and full of Suffragist intensity. Such is the story of Mr. Suro's new comedy. It makes an effective play, but as satire it seems rather to beat the air. For whom and for what movement does Woodhouse stand, with his self-distrust, his pedantic verbiage, and his occasional epigram? Mr. Lyall Swete makes him amusingly ponderous and grotesque; but he never strikes one as flesh and blood, and he spreads an air of unreality over the tale, so that even Sophie, earnest as she is depicted to be in the speeches of revolt by clever Miss Athene Seyler, seems, by mere infection, an equally fantastic figure. Tom Pelling is real enough in his good-tempered perplexity and cunning, thanks to the charm of Mr. Gerald du Maurier's personality; and refreshing is every appearance of a kindly woman of the world who has Miss Maide Millett for her representative. But Kalleia, despite Miss Enid Bell's zeal, is another puppet character, and one is left wondering against what Mr. Suro is tilting in this half-fantasy, half-problem play.

GERMANY BENT UPON PRESERVING HER PLACE IN THE SUN: THE KAISER AT THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW AT KIEL.



1. PROOF OF GERMANY'S POWER AT SEA: UNITS OF THE
GERMAN FLEET DURING THE MANŒUVRES.

2. THE GERMAN NAVY WATCHED BY ITS EMPEROR AND CREATOR: THE KAISER
WITNESSING THE GREAT TACTICAL MANŒUVRES FROM THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

Not very long ago, the Kaiser, making a speech, remarked that the object of the development of the German navy is to prevent any other Power from disputing with Germany the "place in the sun" which belongs to her. That the Kaiser himself is, in the strict sense, the creator of this navy, all the world knows; they are aware that it is his hobby, and that his personal interest in it is exceedingly great. At the review at Kiel nearly 130 war-ships were engaged,

including four Dreadnoughts of the "Nassau" class. The three super-Dreadnoughts, "Thuringen," "Ostfriesland," and "Helgoland," not having finished their trials, and, therefore, not being counted in the High Sea Fleet, remained moored in the inner harbour. The German Emperor was aboard the "Hohenzollern" during the review, and aboard the "Deutschland" during the subsequent tactical manœuvres.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY RENARD.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE have all amused ourselves with the fancy of newspapers appearing at earlier periods of history, conjecturing what the head-lines and interviews would be like the day after the Battle of Hastings or the murder of Julius Cæsar. Mr. Stead, in his short-lived but excellent daily paper, introduced a special correspondent's account of the sea-fight at Salamis, and a similar account by Mr. Belloc of the execution of Louis XVI. The fancy is one that somehow endears itself and clings to the mind. I still feel a faint irrational hope that some stale scrap of paper blown on a breeze or singed in a grate may turn out, on examination, to be an ancient newspaper announcing some event now hoary and monumental, but then startling and explosive. I should like to read in the "Court Circular," which chronicles the daily affairs of the royal family: "The King walked to Whitehall this morning, accompanied by the Bishop of London, and was beheaded before a loyal and enthusiastic crowd, which had been waiting for many hours with the utmost good temper. The Bishop of London is now the guest of Lady Bunbury at Brakelands." Or I should like to find an article, in the more gay and gushing style of Society gossip, about (let us say) the affair of the Burgheers of Calais, describing how Queen Philippa was exquisitely gowned in white samite and sarcenet, while the municipal authorities were exquisitely gowned in their nightgowns. Headlines like "The Arson Mystery: The Emperor Interviewed" (Nero would have loved to be interviewed) would make pleasant reading; and, in the times of torture, bulletins signed by two Inquisitors might be issued as "stop-press news."

But there is just one thing that we generally forget when we indulge these dreams. It is this: That, to judge by the modern newspapers, it is very doubtful whether the papers published just after important events would really be occupied with those important events at all. If the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle had appeared as a penny sheet the day after Hastings, it is quite likely that the main headline would have been, "Athelborg Swims the Straits of Anglesey; 'I Meant to Do It.'" All the rest of the paper would be filled with tiresome speeches about nothing in a thing called a Witan, and horrible details about somebody who had cut a priest's throat on the Welsh Marches, and perhaps excited sporting assertions that Mercia was "All Out." Or, if we are seriously to parallel the sporting interests of our own time, the main interest of the Anglo-Saxons would certainly have been the religious interest. The Anglo-Saxon newspaper would have been full of nothing but miracles and episcopal appointments. Then, right away down in some obscure corner, in very small print, might be found the paragraph: "Some persons, suspected of being Normans, have been noticed on the Sussex coast, and are said to have caused a small disturbance. The local authorities are convinced that there is no cause for anxiety."

Murders, indeed, would in all ages have attracted the healthy taste of humanity. But that is an exception that proves the rule, for he that comes upon a corpse always comes too late. That we have discovered a murder is a proof that we could not discover a conspiracy. Doubtless the Roman papers, the day after Cæsar fell, would be full of the scene in the Capitol and interviews with Cassius and Antony. All the leading articles would be very wobbly—more wobbly than Antony's oration. But the papers would display no notion of what was really happening. The editors would never have noticed when Cæsar crossed the

Rubicon: they would not know where the Rubicon was, any more than our editors knew where Agadir is. They certainly would not know that when that little river was crossed the Roman Empire was founded. Their papers would have been full of Lucullus's dinner and Clodius's bankruptcy and Cæsar's wife proving in the Divorce Court that she was above suspicion; the rest would be all gladiators and the money market. And I am sure that when, later on, a small and curious sect appeared in Rome, hundreds of them would have been eaten by lions before they began to be noticed by newspapers. Newspapers pay the penalty of a blind idolatry of speed. They go so fast that they never notice anything; and they have to make up their minds so quickly that they never make them up at all.



Photo, Newspaper Illustrations.

THE KING'S INTEREST IN HOME-GROWN TOBACCO: A PLANT OVER EIGHT FEET HIGH ON MAJOR G. F. WHITMORE'S NORFOLK ESTATE.

The King has taken a great interest in a tobacco-growing experiment which Major G. F. Whitmore is carrying out on his estate at Methwold, in Norfolk. At his Majesty's request, some specimens of the plants and their leaves were sent to him a few days ago at Balmoral, among them a leaf which measured nearly thirty inches in length and over sixteen inches in width. The tallest tobacco plant on Major Whitmore's estate is about eight feet four inches high. In writing to Major Whitmore, it is said, the King expressed his pleasure in the fact that Methwold is at no great distance from Sandringham. That being so, his Majesty will perhaps take further opportunities of watching the development of this very interesting experiment, which no doubt our almost tropical summer this year has greatly facilitated. English-grown tobacco would certainly be popular with British smokers.

The above reflections, interspersed with curses and profanities, have flowed from my lips for several hours while I was trying to find in some ordinary English paper, Liberal or Conservative, a full and clear account of the Trades Union Congress. To say that the Trades Union Congress is at present more important than Parliament is to express it faintly. What, indeed, could be less important than Parliament—especially when it isn't there? Parliament is not "sitting"; and if it were sitting, on what rotten eggs of party politics would it sit? It would probably be discussing whether Mr. Alfred Lyttelton had or had not been guilty of an infamous misrepresentation in pointing out a minute disparity between something Mr. Winston Churchill says now he is a Liberal and something he once said

when he was a Tory. This would go on for hours and hours, and the Speaker would interpose every now and then to say that the word "thief" was in order, but the word "robber" was not. Now the Trades Union Congress is a real Parliament; it parleys. People do not know beforehand what side everyone is going to take. People do not know beforehand how the vote is going to go. Speakers exert themselves to convince and persuade, and the subjects discussed are subjects really of interest to everybody; questions of black and white, and bread and cheese, and right and wrong. They must interest the philosopher because they are fundamental questions; they must interest the business man because they are practical questions. Is there a right to work—and a right to stop working? Do men own anything? Do they own their arms and legs? How can men be fed? When may treaties be broken? It is on things like these that great orators have spoken and great Kings given judgment. It is on things like these that great nations have turned from Republics to Empires, from nomads to citizens, or from citizens to slaves. The speaking (what one can find of it) is mainly worthy of its mighty themes; it is virile, spontaneous, often humorous, always relevant. And most of the newspapers dismiss it all in one or two paragraphs.

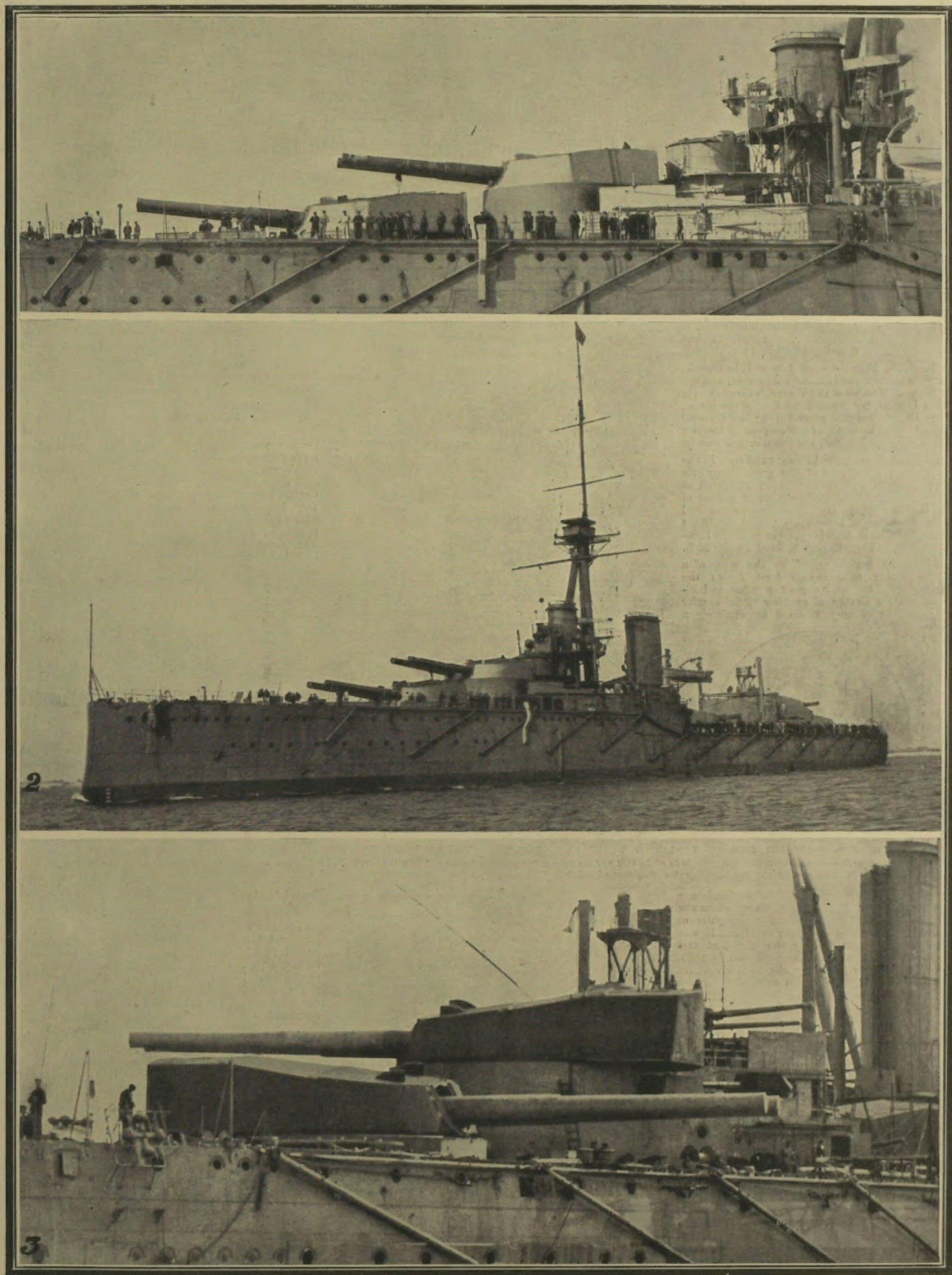
Think for a moment of those interminable *tu-quoques* at Westminster, so virulent and yet so tame, suggesting endless falsities, yet not daring to suggest one truth, all pompous and petulant, and all about some official trifle; and then consider the following simple episode at the Trades Union Congress. Mr. Will Crooks (who is one of the best men in the world) has for some reason introduced a Bill called the Trades Disputes Bill. The object is to erect courts of arbitration, during the sittings of which heavy penalties shall be inflicted on any labourer who "strikes" or any employer who "locks out." I say the penalties are heavy, because they take the form of heavy fines; and obviously no striker could pay a heavy fine. The first result of the Bill, if it be passed and afterwards defied, must be that workmen will go to prison while employers will not. It would be impossible to conceive of any historical step more dramatic and (for those who disagree with it) more disastrous. It is the first time in English history that it has been proposed to call in the policeman to force a particular potman to work for a particular publican. It is the first time the British Government has been asked actually to punish a grocer's assistant named Jones for leaving the employment of a grocer named Smith. It is the first time that the printer's devil has been conceived as literally imprisoned in the printer's shop—with no alternative but a jail. By this proposal the master can not only say absolutely "Go and starve," he can say absolutely "Stop and work." There is a great deal to be said for the proposal; there always has been a great deal to be said for slave-owning. But this momentous proposal to put the English poor under all the good and evil of the conditions of Carolina niggers is only noticed in the newspaper before me in the following short paragraph—

An attack was made on Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., for introducing a Labour Disputes Bill which, in the opinion of several delegates, deprived workmen of their right to strike. Mr. E. Edwards, M.P., a signatory to the Bill, said frankly he had signed it without reading it. He certainly disagreed with its provisions. Mr. Chandler (Railway Clerks): "Only fools put their names to things without reading them" (Hear, hear).

It is rather short, but there is more in it than there is in the Parliamentary Reports.

THE FIRST BRITISH DREADNOUGHT TO CARRY THE 13.5 GUN: THE "ORION."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILK.



1. THE FOREMOST 13.5 GUNS ON THE "ORION," WHICH LEFT PORTSMOUTH THE OTHER DAY FOR HER STEAM TRIALS.

2. FIRST BRITISH DREADNOUGHT TO CARRY 13.5 GUNS, AND FIRST TO HAVE HER FIVE TURRETS ON THE MIDDLE LINE: THE BATTLE-SHIP "ORION."

3. THE AFTER 13.5 GUNS ON THE "ORION."

The battle-ship "Orion," which was launched in November 1909, left Portsmouth at the beginning of the week for her steam trials, which are to be followed by her gunnery trials. The latter will be of especial importance, for the vessel is the first Dreadnought to carry the 13.5 gun, and the first to have her five turrets on the middle line. She has ten of the new weapons, mounted in barbets in pairs. The 13.5 fires an armour-piercing shell of 1250 lb., as compared with the 850-lb. shell of the most up-to-date 12-in. It is probable that a ship armed with 12-in. guns could not put up anything like a good fight against this new ship

armed with 13.5, as the 12-in. gun would be outranged. It is generally believed that the shell of the 13.5 will penetrate about twenty-six inches of Krupp steel at 3000 yards; the shell of the 12-in. will pierce seventeen or eighteen inches under similar conditions. At present the "Orion" is the most powerful battle-ship afloat, but it may be noted that Germany and the United States have under construction ships with 14-in. guns; while France, Japan, and Italy have in hand, or will soon have in hand, ships with 13.5 guns. It is said that experiments are being made with a 15-in. gun for our own fleet.



Photo. Vandyk.
THE RIGHT REV. F. E. RIDGEWAY,
Appointed Bishop of Salisbury.

PORTRAITS AND PERSONAL NOTES.

It is not often that two brothers become Bishops, as in the case of the new Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Rev. F. E. Ridgeway, and Dr. C. J. Ridgeway, Bishop of Chichester. They are sons of the late Rev. Joseph Ridgeway and brothers of Sir West Ridgeway. The new

Bishop was for twelve years incumbent of St. Mary the Virgin at Glasgow, and in 1890 became Vicar of St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington. He has been Bishop Suffragan of Kensington since 1901.

Sir John Rees, the Unionist candidate at Kilmarnock, was for twenty-six years in the Indian Civil Service, and became an Additional Member of the Viceroy's Council. He was formerly a Liberal, but crossed the floor of the House just before the Dissolution that preceded the last General Election. As a Liberal he had sat for Montgomery District since 1906. He is a great linguist, and has travelled widely.

Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone, the Liberal candidate in the Kilmarnock election, is a son of the great Premier's eldest son, and was born in 1885. He was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, becoming President of the Union at Oxford in 1907. He has since been attached to the British Embassy in Washington, and Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen. He is Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire. The election is fixed for the 26th.

Much feeling has been aroused by the issue of a warrant for deporting from British East Africa the Hon. Galbraith Cole, one of its most popular and influential settlers, on a charge of exciting racial enmity in the colony. He was recently tried for shooting a native sheep-stealer, and was acquitted.

Mr. Cole is the second son of the Earl of Enniskillen, and was born in 1881. He was at one time a Lieutenant in the 10th Hussars. One of his sisters is the wife of Lord Delamere, who also possesses large estates in British East Africa.

Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald was related to Mr. Gladstone on her father's side and to Lord Kelvin, whose niece she was, on that of her mother. She was a daughter of Dr. John Hall Gladstone, and was born in 1870. It was as a member of the Fabian Society that she first met Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and she married him in 1896. Both before and after her marriage she took an active interest in political and social work, in spite of the cares of a family of six, and her "political salon" at her home in Lincoln's Inn Fields introduced a new element into the Labour Party which had much influence.

Fiction sometimes precedes science, and imagination fact, in discovering inventions, as in the case of writers like Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. The latest invention, that of wireless telephony, has also had its literary predecessor, for Mr. Rider Haggard points out that in his book, "Stella Fregelius," written in 1898, there is an instrument called an "aerophone," the identical name adopted for his apparatus by Mr. Grindell Matthews, whose experiments at Chesham have aroused such widespread interest. Mr. Matthews himself has pointed out that Miss Marie Corelli, in her new novel, "The Life Everlasting," has probably foreshadowed an invention when she describes a ship propelled by an electric wind.



Photo. Hainett.
SIR JOHN D. REES,
Unionist Candidate at the Kilmarnock
Bye-Election.

On his arrival in Vienna last Saturday, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Vezey Strong, was welcomed by Dr. Neumayer, the Burgomaster of Vienna, and Sir



Photo. Chidley.
MR. W. G. C. GLADSTONE,
Liberal Candidate at the Kilmarnock
Bye-Election.

Austria-Hungary and England, their visit might have a pacific influence on the other countries of Europe. On Monday the Lord Mayor was received by the Emperor Francis Joseph, when similar friendly sentiments were exchanged.

Mr. Burgess, who last week succeeded in duplicating Captain Webb's hitherto unique feat of swimming across the Channel, is a Yorkshireman who for some years has been resident in Paris, where he is engaged in business connected with motor-tyres. Captain Webb swam from Dover to Calais in 1875 in 21 hours 40 minutes; Mr. Burgess swam from the South Foreland, near Dover, to Cape Grisnez in 22 hours 35 minutes. He is over forty, and had made fifteen previous attempts to swim the Channel.

Mrs. Thurston's tragically sudden death, as well as some aspects of her life, recalled those of another and more famous woman novelist, Mrs. Craigie. Mrs. Thurston's maiden name was Miss Katherine Cecil Madden, and she was the only daughter of Mr. Paul Madden, of Cork. Her first novel, "The Circle," was published in 1903, but it was her next book, "John Chilcote, M.P.," which made her name, and by which she will be chiefly remembered. The story was dramatised by Mr. Temple Thurston, and staged by Sir George Alexander. It has been mentioned that at the time of her death Mrs. Thurston was about to marry again.

Dr. William Alexander, who died at Torquay on Tuesday, was Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland from 1896 to early this year, when he resigned. Before 1896 he was for thirty years Bishop of Derry. He was born in 1824, and was thus in his eighty-eighth year. The late Primate was one of the most brilliant churchmen that Ireland has produced. He was especially distinguished as a preacher and as a poet; and the written word will doubtless keep his fame alive when the memory of his eloquence has perished.

For the first Aerial Post, of which we give particulars and illustrations elsewhere, special postcards were issued at 6d. each, and envelopes, with letter-cards inside, at 1s. 1d. each. The profits are being devoted to charity. It is noteworthy that, while the design on the postcard shows a biplane over Windsor Castle, the first aerial postman, Mr. Hamel, arrived there in a Blériot monoplane.

It is five hundred years this year since the famous old Scottish University of St. Andrews was founded. Sir James Donaldson, the Vice-Chancellor and Principal, is also keeping a notable anniversary this year, for he has now held that position for a quarter of a century. He was born in 1831, and received his education at Aberdeen, London, and Berlin. In 1854 he became Rector of Stirling High School, and two years later he went as classical master to Edinburgh High School, of which he became Rector in 1866. From 1881 to 1886 he was Professor of Humanity at Aberdeen. Sir James has written works on early Christian literature, Greek religion, and other subjects.



Photo. Sanden.
THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE BURGOMASTER
OF VIENNA: SIR VEZEY STRONG'S VISIT TO THE AUSTRIAN
CAPITAL.



Photo. Lafayette.
THE HON. GALBRAITH COLE,
For whose Deportation from British East
Africa a Warrant was recently issued.



Photo. Topham.
THE LATE MRS. RAMSAY MACDONALD,
Wife of the Leader of the Labour Party,
and a distinguished Political Worker.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MRS. THURSTON,
Author of "John Chilcote, M.P.," and
other well-known Novels.



Photo. Lafayette Dublin.
THE LATE ARCHBISHOP ALEXANDER,
Ex-Primate of All Ireland, and a Dis-
tinguished Poet.



Photo. Topham.
MR. H. GRINDELL MATTHEWS,
Whose Experiments in Wireless Telephony
have aroused much interest.



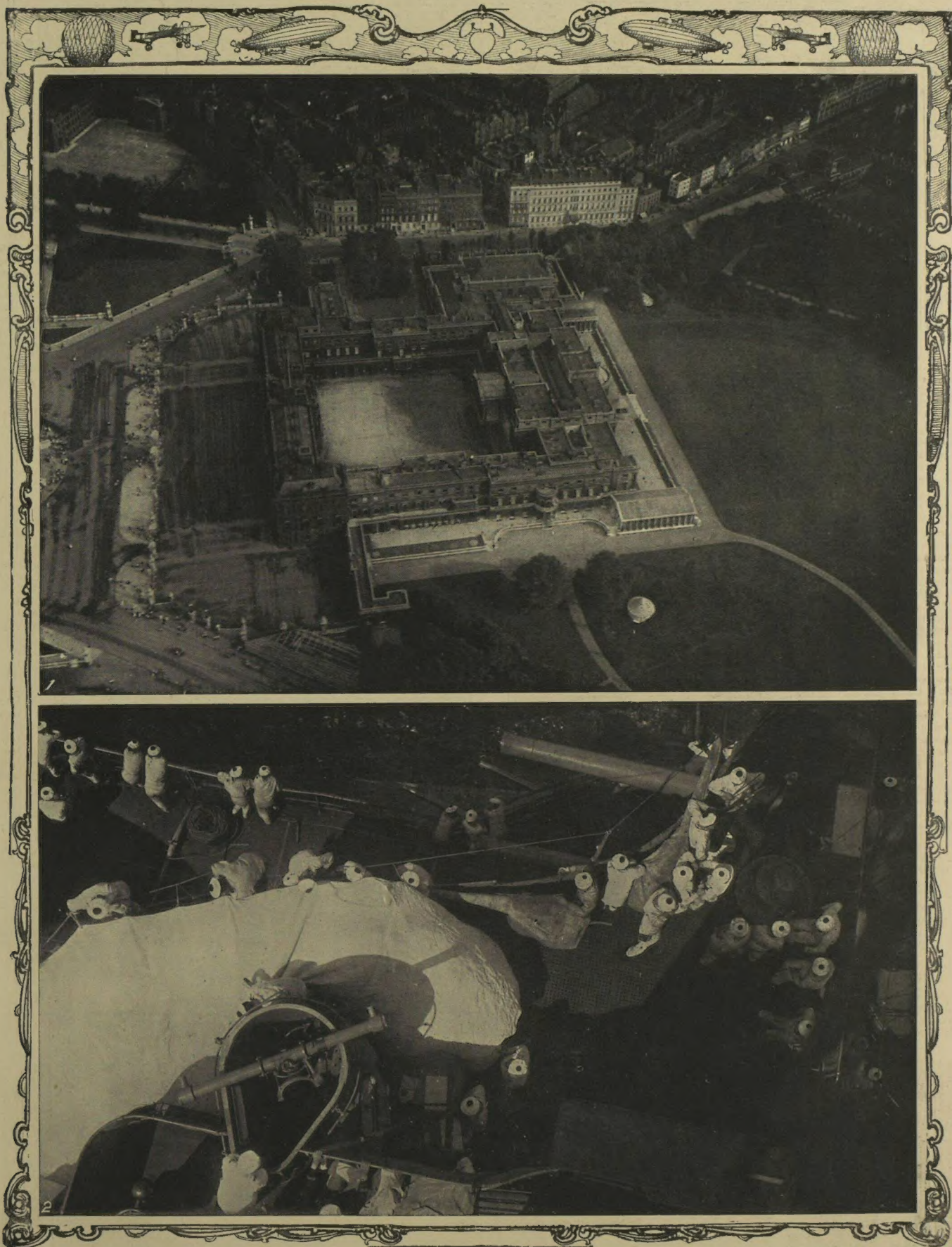
DESTINED TO BECOME HISTORIC: THE DESIGN ON
THE SPECIAL POST-CARDS AND ENVELOPES ISSUED
FOR THE FIRST AERIAL POST IN THIS COUNTRY.

Fairfax Cartwright, the British Minister there. As they drove from the station the Lord Mayor and his party, which included Sir Henry Buckingham, the Sheriff, received an enthusiastic greeting from the crowds in the streets. Sir Vezey Strong expressed the hope that, besides improving the relations between



Photo. C.N.
SIR JAMES DONALDSON, LL.D.,
Principal of the University of St. Andrews,
now celebrating its Quincentenary.

FROM ALOFT: THE KING'S LONDON RESIDENCE; AND A FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP.



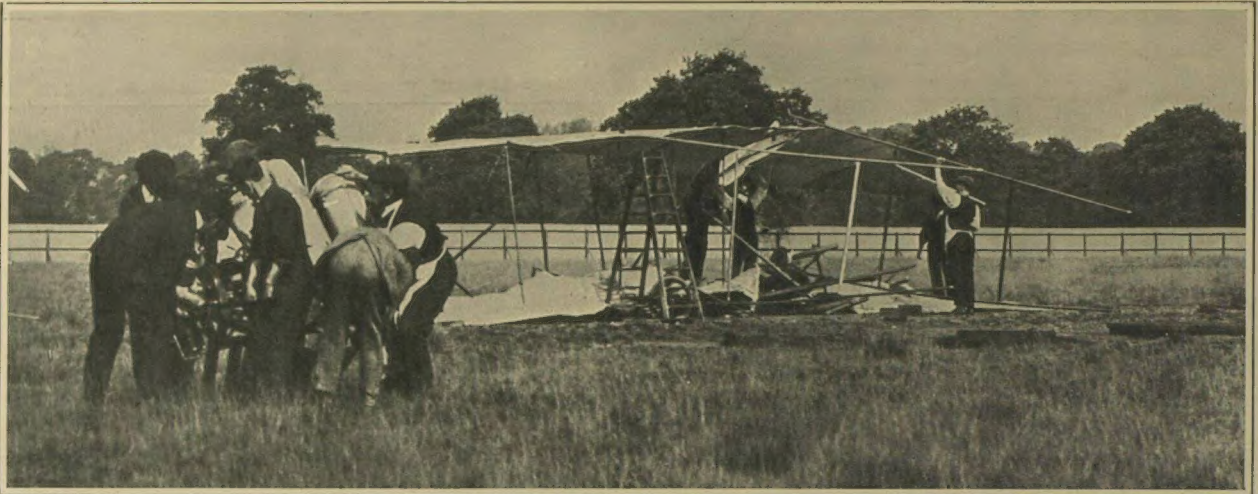
1. AS THE AIRMAN SEES IT: BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

2. SEEN FROM ALOFT: THE FRENCH "DREADNOUGHT" BATTLE-SHIP "DIDEROT."

These photographs, the one taken from a balloon, the other from a station high above the vessel's deck, present a famous royal residence and a great battle-ship in form seen by very few. Those to whom the King's London residence is familiar from the outside alone should find the first of them especially fascinating, for it shows very clearly the grouping of the buildings. The frontage is seen on the left; the great terrace on the right overlooking the gardens has witnessed numerous private reviews and presentations of medals. For the

rest, it may be recalled that Buckingham Palace was settled on Queen Charlotte by Act of Parliament in 1775, and became known as the Queen's House. George IV. remodelled it; and Queen Victoria, who first took up her residence there in 1837, added to it, amongst other things, the ball-room and the eastern façade.—The French battle-ship "Diderot" is one of the six ships of the "Danton" class, which have a normal displacement of 18,400 tons, a waterline length of 475½ feet, a beam of 84½ feet, and an all-over length of 480 feet.

AIR, EARTH, AND WATER: SCIENCE AND SPORT.



Photo, L.N.S.

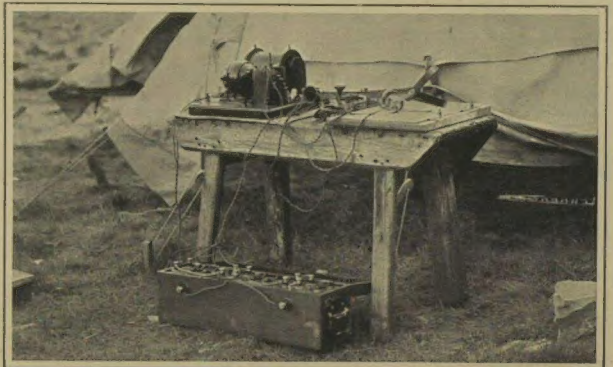
THE SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO ONE OF THE FIRST "FLYING POSTMEN": REMOVING THE ENGINE FROM THE WRECKED BIPLANE OF MR. CHARLES HUBERT.

A most unfortunate mishap marred the second day of the Aerial Postal Service between Hendon and Windsor. Messrs. Greswell and Driver left the aerodrome for the Royal Borough without difficulty, and reached it at seven in the morning and at five minutes past that hour respectively. Soon after they had gone, Mr. Hubert prepared to set out on his Farman biplane of military type with eight mail-bags, each weighing 26½ lb. He made a circuit of the aerodrome; then, as he was making a second, his biplane was seen to dip. When it was twenty feet from the ground it fell heavily, crushing the unfortunate airman's legs. Mr. Hubert was at once taken to the Central London Sick Asylum, where it was found that he had broken both legs. The mail-bags, acting as buffers, saved him from further injury; and, later, he was reported to be progressing favourably.



TELEPHONING WITHOUT WIRES: MAN-LIFTING KITES IN USE AT CHEPSTOW IN CONNECTION WITH THE AEROPHONE INVENTED BY MR. GRINDELL MATTHEWS.

Mr. H. Grindell Matthews has just demonstrated the possibility of transmitting the human voice over long distances and through obstacles without the aid of wires. Stationed in a closed strong-room with walls of nine inches of armour steel, nine inches of firebrick, and six feet of concrete, he carried on a conversation with an operator in a room on the other side of the building. At the moment of writing he is thinking of testing his apparatus by endeavouring to talk through five miles of rock between Chepstow and Tintern. Shortly, he hopes to establish communication between Chepstow and Cardiff, a distance of twenty-five miles. For this he will use man-lifting kites. Mr. Matthews has said that the vibrations produced by his apparatus do not take the form of Hertzian waves; indeed, that the disturbances are of such high frequency that there is no appreciable break between them.



Photo, Tipton.

APPARATUS WITH THE AID OF WHICH THE INVENTOR HAS SHOWN THAT HE CAN TRANSMIT THE HUMAN VOICE THROUGH OBSTACLES WITHOUT THE AID OF WIRES: THE AEROPHONE TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER.



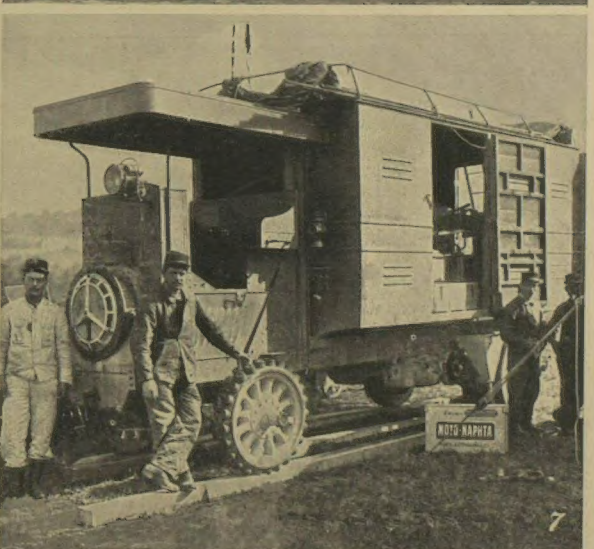
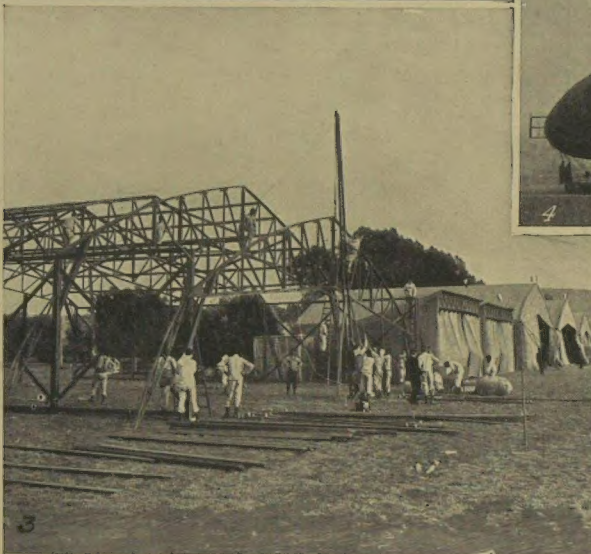
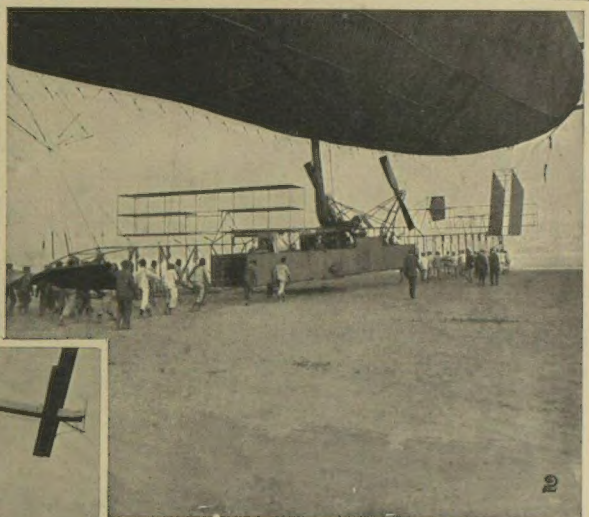
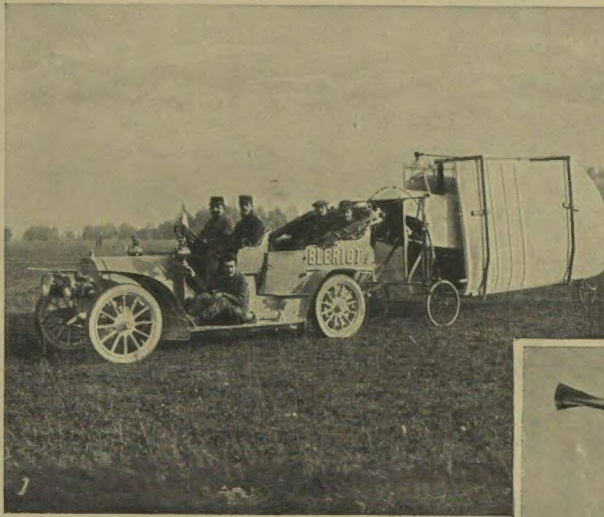
Photo, C.N.

THE RACE FOR THE PROFESSIONAL SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND: E. BARRY, THE HOLDER, PATTING HIS OPPONENT, W. H. FOGWELL, OF NEW SOUTH WALES, ON THE BACK AFTER THE FINISH.

E. Barry retained the title of Professional Sculling Champion of England by beating W. H. Fogwell, of New South Wales, champion of New Zealand, on Monday last. The match was rowed over the championship course of 4½ miles from Putney Bridge to the Ship at Mortlake. Barry sculled at 11 st. 10 lb. and Fogwell at 11 st. 5 lb. The latter won the toss and chose the Middlesex station. Opposite the London Rowing Club Boathouse he was leading by two lengths, but off Harrod's Wharf Barry gained quickly and passed his rival. At Hammersmith Bridge Barry led by three lengths, and after that he seemed to gain at every stroke. He finished, the easiest of winners, by 3½ lengths, in 22 min. 4 sec.

WAR BY PETROL: MECHANISM OF THE FRENCH ARMY MANŒUVRES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEURISSE AND BRANGER.



1. A MONOPLANE FOLDED FOR TRANSPORT: MOVING A BLERIOT WITH THE AID OF A MOTOR-CAR.

2. REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OLDER FORM OF AIR-CRAFT FOR WAR: THE NEW DIRIGIBLE OF THE ASTRA SOCIETY AT THE MANŒUVRES.

3. THE HOME OF THE SCOUTS OF THE AIR; HANGARS FOR THE MILITARY AEROPLANES AT VESUL; AND OTHERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

4. THE OLDER TYPE OF MILITARY AIR-SHIP AND THE NEWER: AEROPLANE AND DIRIGIBLE AT ISSY-LES-MOULINEAUX.

5. "CAGES" FOR THE BIRDS OF WAR: HANGARS FOR THE MILITARY AEROPLANES AT VESUL.

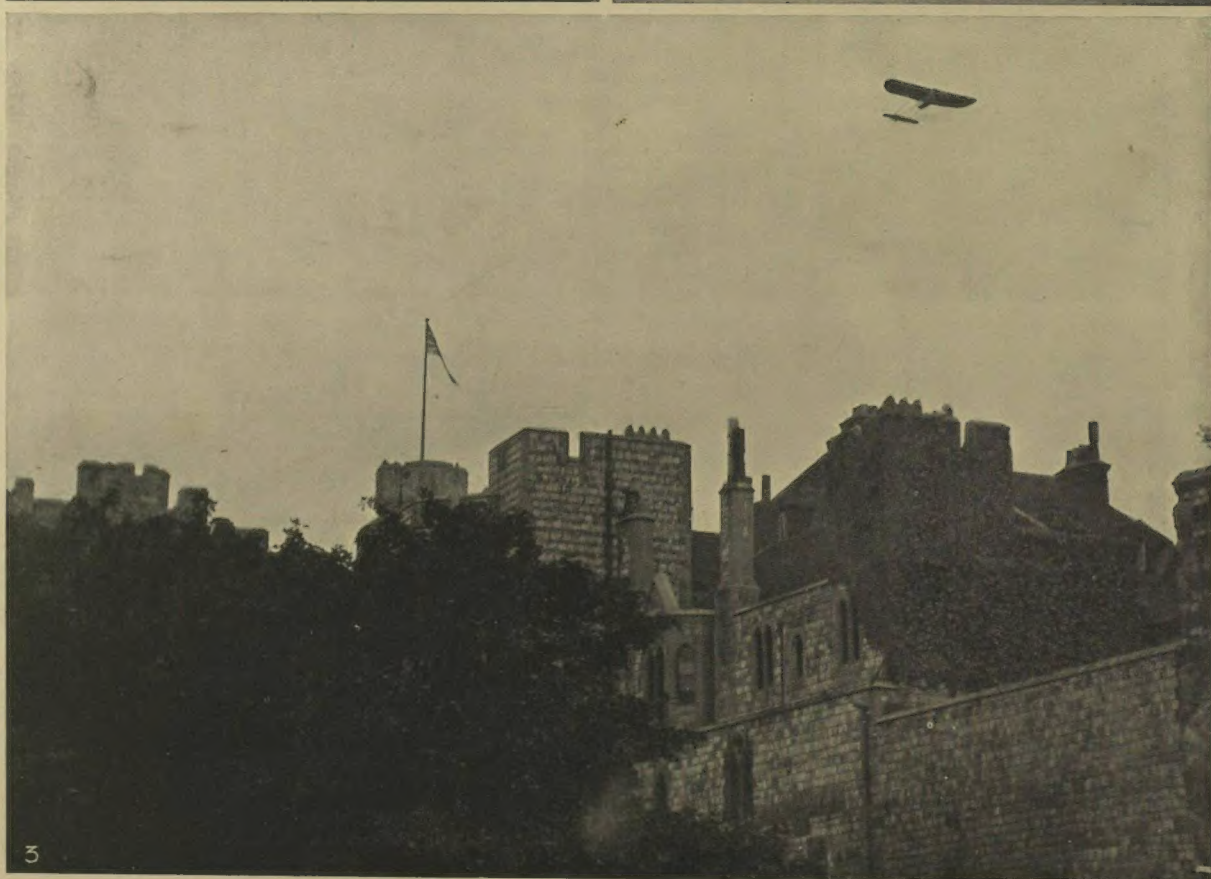
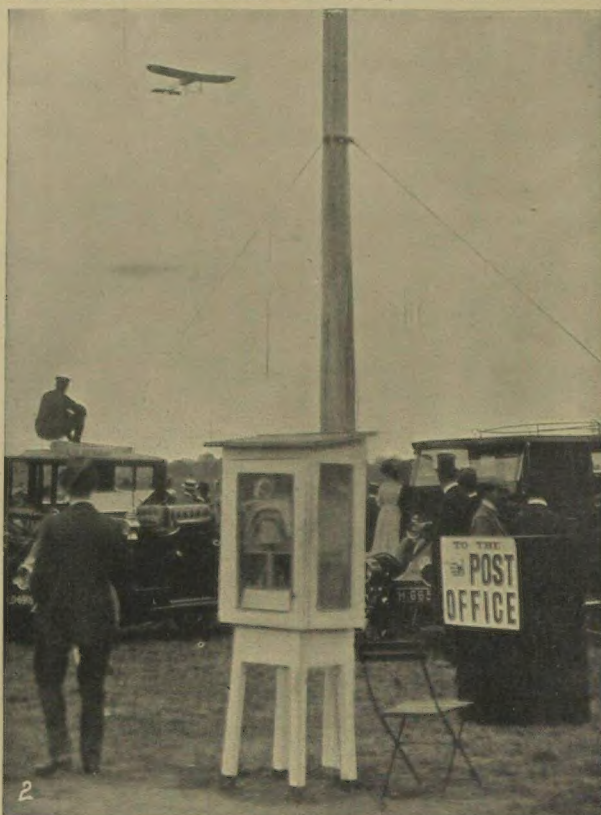
6. A MOTOR-WORKSHOP AT THE SERVICE OF THE MILITARY AIRMEN: PUTTING TOGETHER THE PARTS OF A MONOPLANE WITH THE AID OF THE SPECIAL "ATELIER."

7. THE TRAVELLING WORKSHOP FOR REPAIRING AIR-CRAFT: THE "ATELIER" EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE NECESSARIES FOR REPAIRING AEROPLANES.

As might have been expected, the French Army Manœuvres have shown once again what great part petrol will play in any war of the future, and, again as everyone anticipated, chief interest centred in the military airmen, their machines, their doings, and the provision made for them by the army authorities. Excellent work has been done by a number of the flying scouts; and it is worthy of note that the French Budget includes a vote of £680,000 for the development of military airmanship.

THE FLYING POSTMAN ON HIS ROUNDS: OVER HENDON AND WINDSOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND L.N.A.



1 and 2. THE FIRST AERIAL POSTMAN STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY: MR. HAMEL IN HIS MONOPLANE OVER HENDON.
3. REACHING HIS ROYAL DESTINATION: MR. HAMEL OVER WINDSOR CASTLE.

With his invariable interest in all things that make for progress, King George gave gracious permission for the inaugural flight of the first serial post in England to have as its destination the grounds of Windsor Castle. Though Mr. Hamel was not the first airman to fly over the Castle—Mr. Sopwith having already won that distinction—there was something peculiarly impressive in the sight of the latest wonder of mechanical science speeding through the air a thousand feet above the ancient seat of British sovereignty, bringing the first mails

ever carried by air in England. As mentioned elsewhere, Mr. Hamel was the only airman to carry mails on Saturday. On the Monday three others—Messrs. Gresswell, Driver, and Hubert—left Hendon with a further consignment. Mr. Hubert unfortunately had a serious fall at the start, and was badly hurt. Had the accident happened outside a five-mile radius from the Hendon Aerodrome, another aeroplane would have been sent, in terms of the contract with the Post Office, to take the mails on to Windsor.

105 MILES AN HOUR! THE FIRST AERIAL POST IN ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., G.P.P., NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, TOPICAL, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



1. THE FIRST STAGE IN A LETTER'S PROGRESS BY AERIAL MAIL: PLACING IT IN A SPECIAL POST-BOX AT HENDON.
2. THE SECOND STAGE: THE COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM AN AERIAL POST-BOX IN HOLBORN.
3. THE FIRST AERIAL POSTMAN RECEIVING THE FIRST BAG OF MAILS FOR CARRIAGE BY AIR-SHIP: MR. HAMEL SIGNING THE OFFICIAL RECEIPT.
4. WITH "AERIAL MAIL" PAINTED ON THE UNDER-SIDE OF ITS PLANE: MR. HAMEL'S MACHINE READY TO START.
5. A PLANE AS A BLOTTING-PAD: MR. HAMEL DOES SOME WRITING JUST BEFORE THE START.
6. AFTER THE ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR: A LETTER FOR THE KING HANDLED BY A CYCLIST-POSTMAN TO A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The Aerial Post was successfully inaugurated last Saturday, when Mr. Gustave Hamel, on a Blériot monoplane, carried the first bag of mails conveyed by air in this country from Hendon to Windsor. In spite of rough weather, which prevented three other aerial postmen from following him, Mr. Hamel made a splendid flight, the strong wind behind him helping him to accomplish the journey of twenty-one miles in just over twelve minutes, a speed of 105 miles an hour. Special post-boxes for the serial mails had been set up in various parts

of London, and many thousands of missives were posted in them, including some for the King. Mr. Hamel did not descend on the East Lawn at Windsor, as arranged, for fear of colliding with some trees, but near Frogmore Mausoleum. A postman on a bicycle was at once sent off by the waiting officials to get the mail-bag, and on its being opened communications for the King were handed to the Postal representatives, and the mails were sent on by a cyclist-postman to the Windsor post office to be sorted and dispatched.

ON THE SITE OF A PAGAN TEMPLE:

LONDON'S CATHEDRAL, BUILT WITH FUNDS RAISED BY A COAL TAX.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HAROLD OAKLEY.



IN THE FORM OF A LATIN CROSS: ST. PAUL'S, FIFTH IN SIZE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF THE WORLD—A SECTION, TO SHOW THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

St. Paul's Cathedral occupies the highest point in the City. It is the immediate successor of that superb Gothic building which, finished in 1315, ended in the Great Fire. In much older days the same site was already the scene of worship: a pagan temple is said to have stood upon it; the first church upon it was destroyed in the time of Diocletian. In 610 Egbert of Kent founded a church, a building burnt down in 1087. The present magnificent structure was begun in 1675, according to the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. It takes the form of a Latin cross, in the manner of St. Peter's in Rome. In size it is fifth among Christian

churches of the world. It was first used for Divine service in 1697, and was finished in 1710. Its dimensions are 500 by 118 feet; the length of the transepts is 250 feet; the inner height of the dome is 225 feet; the height to the top of the cross is 364 feet; the diameter of the dome is 112 feet, compared with the 139½ feet of St. Peter's and the 143 feet of the Pantheon. It may be remarked as an interesting point that the greater part of the cost of the building (about £750,000) was raised by a coal tax. In the drawing is included the dais upon which the King and Queen sat during the Service of Thanksgiving held in the Cathedral seven days after the Coronation.

At the Sign

of St. Paul's

The interior of St. Paul's Churchyard are much disturbed by soldiers and others.



PROFESSOR G. ELLIOT SMITH.

Author of "The Ancient Egyptians" in Harper's Library of Living Thought.



Photograph showing an irregularity in the ground. From a printed notice dated May 27, 1911.

ANDREW LANG ON "NAPOLEON: THE LAST PHASE" AND SCOTT'S CHARGES AGAINST GOURGAUD.

FOR the great Napoleon I entertain so deep an admiration, considering his unmatched genius, the many traits of kindness and goodness in his character, and his devotion to good books, that I have never had the heart to read about him in his "Last Phase," in his dreadful years at St. Helena.

The situation was execrable, and no Briton can think of it without compunction, for our countrymen were his jailers, and they were even worse jailers than Queen Elizabeth provided for the Queen of Scots. They called her "the Lady of Scotland," a more courteous phrase than "General Buonaparte." As Napoleon would not answer to "General Buonaparte," and clung to the Imperial style, making his companions stand up for long hours in his presence, the denial of the title was stupid pedantry; like his own cruel etiquette.

French authors condemn England at once for her treatment of Mary Stuart and of

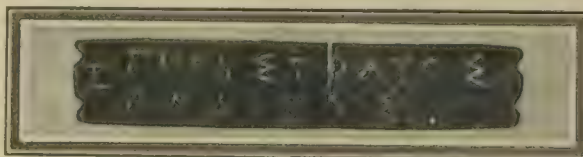
writing history, but says, "Scott had hinted" (in his "Life of Napoleon," obviously) "that Gourgaud had played

tended to increase the odious rigour of Napoleon's imprisonment.

Gourgaud, if he could, might disprove the records, Scott said; or might say that he was playing off a trick on the English Government, though Scott would not "suppose him capable of a total departure from veracity." (Scott used a phrase or two on which Gourgaud, if he desired "the relief of pistols," might found a challenge—if he pleased. Sir Walter also secured a second—his old friend William Clerk—if pistols were to come into play. "He shall not dishonour the country through my sides, I can assure him.")

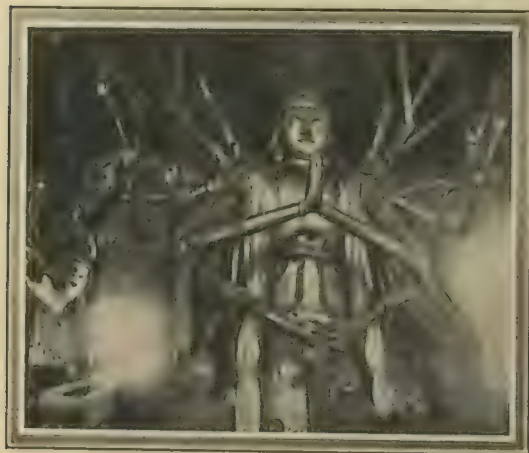
He stood to his guns, and, had a challenge come, would have met his young enemy fairly. He went, as a historian must go, on the strength of the documents in the case. Lord Rosebery writes, "As to Scott's charges we say nothing because we know nothing; nor were they adequately dealt with by Gourgaud."

About the charges, we do know that Scott made them; we know what they



OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.: AN ATHENIAN JUROR'S TICKET, IN THE BANGOR MUSEUM.

The ticket, which is that of an Athenian juror of the fourth century B.C., is of bronze, and is five inches long by one broad. The inscription states that it belonged to one Polystrolos, of Halse, of the sixth section of that city. Such tickets are very rare.



A COLOSSAL, MANY-ARMED "LORD WHO LOOKS DOWN FROM ON HIGH": THE GREAT STATUE OF AVALOKITESHVARA AT OMEI-HSIEN. Avalokiteshvara ("the Lord who looks down from on high") is one of the two Bodhisattvas who were worshipped by the followers of the Great Vehicle, the northern school of Buddhism, at least as far back as 400 A.D. He is the image of power, and the merciful protector of the world and those dwelling upon it. This image of him was found in a pagoda near Omei-hsien.

Napoleon; and the two cases were almost parallel. To let either of the captives escape was to let chaos loose; to prevent either from escaping was not to be managed with good manners; but Mary had nobler jailers than the hapless Sir Hudson Lowe; for him, too, one cannot help feeling sorry, as for Shrewsbury and Amyas Paulet of old.

Absence of books led me, lately, against an old resolve, to read Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon, the Last Phase," and I admire his way of not pretending to see farther into the mist of falsehood which veils St. Helena than the nature of the mist permits. There was none that told the truth among the chroniclers, no, not one! But Lord Rosebery has more sympathy for General Gourgaud—a *mauvais coucheur*, as the phrase goes, but a good soldier—than for any of the other mythologists. Unluckily, this emotion makes him, I think, unjust to another great man and a countryman of ours, Sir Walter Scott.

He gives no authorities here, in accordance with the modern plan of

a double part, and had been a sort of agent for the British Government. Thereupon, Gourgaud not unnaturally wished to fight Scott, and, denied the relief of pistols, betook himself to pamphlets."

But who denied to Gourgaud "the relief of pistols"? Certainly not Sir Walter; and that should have been stated by the historian of the feud. About Gourgaud, Scott wrote precisely what he found in papers in the Colonial Office—records of what Gourgaud had said to Sturmer and Balmain in St. Helena and to Goulburn and Bathurst in London.

In Scott's words (in a letter to a newspaper), both in St. Helena and in London, Gourgaud represented Napoleon "as feigning poverty when in affluence, affecting illness while in health, and possessing ready means of escape while complaining of unnecessary restraint." All these statements



REMARKABLE HIGH RELIEFS, STRANGE SCULPTURES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SUCHWAN. Sculptures such as these, much damaged by the rain and the winds of the ages, are to be found on all sides amongst the rocks of Suchwan.



SEATED IN THE EUROPEAN MANNER: A BUDDHA WHICH SHOWS UNDOUBTED SIGNS OF GREEK INFLUENCE.

The photograph shows one of the several remarkable examples of old Chinese sculpture discovered by Commandant d'Ollone during recent journeys in unknown districts of China and Tibet. Buddha was born at the foot of the Nepalese Himalayas in the country of the Sakhyas, and died, at the age of eighty or thereabouts, between 482 and 472 B.C. At the age of thirty-six he took the title Buddha, "the enlightened."

were, and that he cited his authorities. What we do not know is the reason for which Gourgaud, at St. Helena and in London, made the statements which Scott says he did make.

Lord Rosebery says: "We are rather inclined to believe that, either to gain the confidence of these gentlemen" (Lowe, Bathurst, and others), "or to gratify his own sense of humour; or, most probable of all, to divert their suspicion from something else, he was mystifying them. . . ."

It would be fair to add that Scott gave Gourgaud the dubious benefit of this doubt: he might represent his communications to the English Government as "a trick played off upon them in order to induce them to grant his personal liberty." But in that case Gourgaud said what was damaging to Napoleon. No doubt he revealed nothing of importance; but he placed himself in an ambiguous position.

SENT TO THE BLUFF KING ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH CATHERINE OF ARRAGON?

DRAWN BY GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A., KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY.



BY CONRAD SEUSENHOFER, OF INNSBRUCK; THE SUIT OF ARMOUR POSSIBLY SENT TO KING HENRY VIII. BY THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AS A WEDDING PRESENT; BUT MORE PROBABLY GIVEN TO HIM BETWEEN 1511 AND 1514.

This drawing, by Mr. Guy Francis Laking, Keeper of the King's Armoury and Director of the new London Museum at Kensington Palace, shows the famous suit of armour in the Tower, which was made by Conrad Seusenhofer, of Innsbruck. Tradition has it that it was sent to King Henry VIII. by the Emperor Maximilian on the occasion of the Bluff

King's marriage with Catherine of Arragon, in 1509; but more recent investigations seem to prove that it was probably sent by the Emperor to the King between the years 1511 and 1514. The armour for the horse is by a different hand. It bears a mark akin to that used by Antonio Missaglia, of Milan.

ART. MUSIC



MR. LOUIS CALVERT AS MERCUTIO
IN "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE
NEW THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

claimed, chisels untrused and hammers rehanded. With Mr. Havard Thomas filling the vacant professorship, sculpture, it is said, is to be the predominant art of the future, or, haply, of the next five years. England has been too keenly interested in M. Rodin to profit nothing from his example. Mr. Havard Thomas's "Lycidas" is one of the classics of the English renaissance, and in Mr. Epstein and Mr. Eric Gill we have masters already far advanced in the new archaicism. The Slade can hardly do more than it has already done along the lines of instruction prescribed by Professor Brown and Mr. Tonks. After the sending forth of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. William Orpen from the Gower Street academy, a suspicion of anticlimax must always cling to the paintings and drawings of subsequent pupils, but in the field of marble there is a fair and open prospect. At any school the production of great artistic accomplishment must belong somewhat to chance or accident (Mr. Chesterton's prose and poetry, for instance, were accidents quite unforeseen by his masters at the Slade); but the accident may be widely spread. Mr. Havard Thomas is fortunate: he enters upon his new duties at the moment at which happy accidents may almost be counted on. English sculpture is in the making; it needs only to be quarried from the material he will find to his hand at the Slade.



"MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.
MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS MACDUFF.

The season of exhibitions is upon us; the opening of the Loan Exhibition of the National Art Collections Fund at the Grosvenor Gallery will put London into trim again for pictures, and the admirable collection of English paintings at Shepherd's Bush will be neglected no longer. The London Salon of Photography is already attracting all the photographers and a few suspicious laymen to the Gallery of the Royal Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall East. No picture exhibition is arranged so tastefully, and even the layman learns to recognise the "touch" of the artist in the prints by Mr. Will Cadby, Mr. Porterfield of Buffalo, Mr. J. C. Warburg, Mr. Alexander Keighley, and a few more. An expert's notice of the photographs shown by the last-named may be quoted in the place of original comment, which could not but fail, by comparison, in dealing with the similarity of Mr. Keighley's work in 1900 and his work in 1911: "There is a mystery and an impressiveness about 'The Witches' Pool,' and an excellent atmospheric effect in 'Yorkshire Moorlands,' but his best work this year seems to be, 'The Shepherd,' which is characterised by the charm of the countryside, and is somehow hauntingly reminiscent of one of his finest past pictures." The camera-critic of the future will, it seems, be faced with his own problems in attribution.

Grosvenor Chapel, in South Audley Street, has been stripped of its ugly envelope of mouse-coloured plaster. The church, as it now stands, honest in brick, is both sightly and suited to its neighbourhood. It must be hoped that the uncovering of Grosvenor Chapel is not merely one of the processes of restoration. For its association with the writers of letters, if for no other reason, the chapel should be cared for. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Chesterfield were both buried there. The terms of Lord Chesterfield's will remind me that he did not choose his resting-place with an eye for the elegance dear to him, and yet one can wish to see it look its best: "Satiated with the pompous follies of this life, of which I have had an uncommon share, I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral, and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying-place to where I shall die, and limit the whole expense of my funeral to £100." E. M.



A PAINTER'S STUDIO IN THE END OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

ART NOTES.

FOR long the sculptors' tools at the Slade School have lain idle. Deredict stands and clay-tubs are now re-

MUSIC.

OF great interest is the announcement that Mr. Hammerstein proposes to ask all members of his company



Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

THE WEDDING OF ROMEO AND JULIET; MR. VERNON
STEEL AS ROMEO, MR. J. FISHER WHITE AS FRIAR
LAURENCE, AND MISS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIET,
AT THE NEW THEATRE.



"MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.
MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY
MACBETH.



"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE NEW THEATRE. THE DEATH OF THE STAR-CROSSED
LOVERS—MISS NEILSON-TERRY AS JULIET, AND MR. VERNON STEEL AS ROMEO.

THE DRAMA



SIGNOR LEONCAVALLO, WHO IS
CONDUCTING A CONDENSATION OF
"PAGLIACCI" AT THE HIPPODROME.
Photograph by C.N.

to sing in English, and that he will engage scholars to translate some of the libretti of our leading operas. We have with us at the present moment printed books that enjoy the courtesy title of translations; they cost eighteenpence or a couple of shillings, and as monuments of incompetent or hasty endeavour, they stand alone among the products of the modern press, and are worth the money if only for the amusement they provide. To the few who read them in cold blood, and take them seriously as faithful renderings of the libretto some composers set to music, they bring a sense of disgust. It is hard for those who cannot read French, German, or Italian to realise through the medium of these appalling translations that the composer of the opera had a book with sense, and even with poetry, before him. That there are grave difficulties before the translator must be acknowledged: he has to keep the rhythmic value of the

lines and to preserve the accents, and at the same time to use simple, flowing language. Unfortunately he has given too much prominence to the first part of the undertaking, with results that are deplorable. If an opera is to be sung in a foreign language, there is no reason why the English translation, which is designed to inform those who do not understand the foreign tongue, should not have a certain measure of literary grace and yet be literal. If, on the other hand, the opera is to be sung in English, it seems reasonable to suggest that the translator should be allowed considerable latitude in his rendering, and that, in return for giving a version that can be sung with all possible regard for the music and shall retain the plot and spirit of the story, he shall be allowed to depart from the lines of a literal translation. In the preparation of an English version of a French, German, or Italian work, "the letter killeth."

I do not think we have in this country the man who can make a translation that is strictly literal and at the same time is graceful and musically correct. Such a man would need the ingenuity of a Thomas Barham or W. S. Gilbert, as well as a profound knowledge of music. If such a one be in our midst he will doubtless hear of something to his advantage on application at the London Opera House, where, by the way, Mr. Hammerstein proposes to introduce the Sunday operatic concerts that are so popular in New York with everybody save the singers whose contracts compel them to appear.

The Thomas Quinlan Opera Company will inaugurate a long provincial tour two weeks hence in Liverpool, where the programme will include "Valkyrie," "Carmen," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Madame Butterfly," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Aida," and Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue." The visit to Liverpool will extend over a fortnight, and a week at Newcastle will follow. Mr. Quinlan's company includes many singers who have been heard to great advantage in Covent Garden and His Majesty's—Mmes. Agnes Nicholls and Edna Thornton, Messrs. Clarence Whitehill, John Coates, Byndon Ayres, and Allen Hinckley. At the moment of writing, Covent Garden's October arrangements are not completely settled; but Mr. Hammerstein is talking freely of his hopes and ambitions for the London Opera House, and is fitting up a wireless-telegraph station on the roof, in order that Transatlantic cousins who cannot control their impatience to secure seats may book them on the journey across. Clearly Mr. Hammerstein fears that, if they do not hustle, the house will be sold out on the demand of Londoners who are anxious not to miss a good thing. A patriot as well as an impresario, Mr. Hammerstein wishes to give the States a chance.



"MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.
SIR HERBERT TREE AS MACBETH.

THE KING AMONG THE CLANSMEN: THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND L.N.A.



1. TRULY SCOTTISH SPORT: TOSSING THE CABER.

2. MORE DIFFICULT THAN PUTTING THE SHOT: PUTTING THE STONE.

3. THROWING THE HAMMER: THE WINNER OF THE CONTEST.

4. MUCH INTERESTED IN AN ASSEMBLY HONOURED BY HIS GRANDMOTHER AND HIS FATHER: KING GEORGE AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING—SHAKING HANDS WITH THE KNEELING SECRETARY.

5. AN EVENT WATCHED WITH THE GREATEST INTEREST: TOSSING THE CABER.

As is usual, the Braemar Gathering was a great success, and was under the immediate patronage of Royalty. The King and Queen, Princess Mary, and Princes Henry and George arrived at half-past three from Balmoral. The King wore Highland costume and, as did his own clansmen, had a sprig of oak leaf and thistle in his bonnet. By the time the royal party

had reached the grounds the sports were in full swing. There was great interest, especially, in the Highland dancing and bagpipe playing, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, and tossing the caber; while much amusement was caused by a tug-of-war between chauffeurs and Highlanders, a contest the Highlanders won.

NO QUESTIONS ASKED! A DEALER IN THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF THE LIVING SEA THAT IS LONDON.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CYRUS CUNEO, R.O.I.



WHERE ANYTHING, FROM GAS-PIPES TO RARE CHINA, FINDS A DISCREET PURCHASER: IN THE SHOP OF A SECOND-HAND DEALER IN THE EAST-END.

While, of course, a great number of the second-hand shops in the East-End are carried on with all honesty, it is certain that there are others, at which no questions are asked, to which many shady clients resort. At such places everything has its market price, from scraps of rope to pieces of rare china, from gas-pipes and old iron to pictures or a statuette; and there can be no doubt that much "swag" is disposed of at some of them. The police know this well, but it is more than difficult for them to act. When the suspected dealer is questioned, his answer is, "You have to prove it"; and he knows that that is impossible in an enormous percentage of cases.

SEEKING TREASURE IN THE SEA: SILVER COINS FROM THE "LUTINE," AND OTHER THINGS RAISED FROM THE VESSEL SUNK IN 1799.



1. BROUGHT TO THE SEA'S SURFACE AFTER 112 YEARS: THE ANCHOR AND A GUN FROM THE "LUTINE."

2. FROM THE 32-GUN FRIGATE LOST OFF THE ZUYDER ZEE: LOWERING A GUN RAISED FROM THE "LUTINE" INTO THE HOLD OF A LIGHTER.

3. BELONGING TO A VESSEL CARRYING A CARGO VALUED AT £1,217,000: THE "LUTINE'S" THREE-TON ANCHOR.

4. PART OF THE £1,000,000 IT IS SOUGHT TO RECOVER: SILVER COINS RAISED FROM THE "LUTINE."

5. RECOVERED FROM THE "LUTINE": CANNON-BALLS, SNAIL-SHELLS, AND COPPER NAILS.

6. BEARING THE INSCRIPTION, "LUTINE A.D. 1790": THE WOODEN STOCK OF THE "LUTINE'S" ANCHOR.

7. SHOWING THE TARRED ROPE WOUND ROUND THE IRON RING: THE STOCK AND RING OF THE "LUTINE'S" ANCHOR.

As we noted in "The Illustrated London News" when dealing with the "Lutine" treasure hunt in the issue of June 10 last, the "Lutine," a 32-gun frigate of the British Navy, went down off one of the entrances to the Zuyder Zee on October 9, 1799, or on the following morning. She had aboard her coin and specie valued at £1,217,000. Since the date of her wreck £100,824 have been recovered, the bulk of that sum in 1800. The vessel

was again located recently, and strenuous efforts are being made to raise her treasure. A great suction-pipe is sucking away the thirty feet of sand which has covered her, and already "finds" are being made, as these photographs bear witness. The anchor is eighteen feet by eighteen feet. One of the cannon brought up was loaded almost to the muzzle, and even the cord and flintlock apparatus was intact.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

POSTED AT LLOYD'S AS MISSING: WRECKED AT SEA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I.



THE MANNER IN WHICH SHIPS GO TO THEIR DOOM—III. BY WATER-SPOUT.

A water-spout, it seems scarcely necessary to say, is the result of a whirlwind occurring over the sea, or on expanses of fresh water. It is seen first at the lower surface of the clouds, taking the form of a small pendant; then, apparently, it descends to sea-level, the waters rising to meet it.

SCIENCE &



A DOCTOR'S VISIT

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

OUR WORKING POWER

THE Presidential address of Sir W. Ramsay to the British Association is well calculated to suggest thoughts and considerations far apart from the feature which has most impressed the public mind. That feature concerned the probable working out of our coal supply in the relatively short period of 175 years. Not, of course, that all our terrestrial coal-bunkers will then be depleted: coal there will be, but it will lie at such depths that working it readily and cheaply will become a sheer impossibility. Of course, it is open to us to believe that our descendants may import coal, as other nations do from Britain today. The stores of black diamonds in China, for example, are regarded as of well-nigh inexhaustible kind, and other lands may contribute a supply. But the idea makes poor reading when it implies that for the raising of power and energy to do our work, we shall be dependent on other nations. It will be a real case, then, of "carrying coals to Newcastle" that industries may flourish and wheels revolve. If we have been literally emptying our cellars into the world's coal-sheds for years and years, there must come a time when fuel-starvation will stare us in the face. If we limit our trade as coal-exporters, one can foresee industrial difficulties of great magnitude looming ahead. What, for example, would our huge mining population have to say when they found their occupation gone?

There has, of course, been much talk over the question of substitutes for coal being brought into play. Oil we already use to generate energy. Alcohol is suggested as another source of power; but to produce alcohol on a big scale we shall need heat, and this last seems to be a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. We are told that the prospects of getting power out of radium are not brilliant, and the notion of utilising the source of energy represented by the tides is scoffed at by practical men. We may elect to say, with some show of philosophy, that there may be too much thinking and worrying over the distant to-morrows, and that the progress and march of science are certain to tap for us or to evolve for us fresh fountains of force. Perhaps this Micawber-like attitude is neither unnatural nor unpleasing. It is characteristic of so many of us that we are never wearying of waiting for science to turn something up when the old things seem to be played out. But Sir W. Ramsay will have none of this optimistic spirit. Cassandra was never in more earnest, warning



Photo: L.N.A.

MADE OF DISUSED MILK-SEPARATORS, FIRE-IRONS, AND ODD METAL OF ALL KINDS AND SHAPES; WORKS OF THE CLOCK OF WOOTTON RIVERS CHURCH.

It was proposed to celebrate the Coronation by providing a clock for Wootton Rivers Church, but lack of funds forbade. Then a villager, Mr. Spratt, stepped into the breach and offered to make a clock, free of charge, if someone would undertake the heavier work and the villagers would give him all the scrapped iron, steel, brass, and lead they could find. He was taken at his word and was as good as his word, and this resulted in the clock illustrated, which was

[Continued opposite.

Photo: L.N.A.
MAKER OF A CLOCK OUT OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES: MR. SPRATT, WHO HAS CONSTRUCTED A CURIOUS TIMEPIECE OF SCRAPPED METAL (SEE BELOW).

moor. Your coal, he tells us, will be gone within two centuries, and when your scuttles and bunkers are empty, civilisation will retrograde, and you may be within measurable distance of receiving a visit from that distinguished tourist whom Macaulay pictured as

themselves over a slight study which gives them an idea of the constitution of the world and all that is therein, including themselves, how can you expect them to realise the catastrophe whose shadow is already looming in the near distance, and whereon Sir W. Ramsay waxed eloquent at Portsmouth? If ever one wanted an argument for the grounding of all education in science, one

might find it in the statement that to live in accord with the laws of Nature is the real key to successful existence. It is only thus we can adjust ourselves to our environment, whether it is coals or culture which concerns us. Once realising what energy is and what its production implies, the man in the street would begin setting his house in order even now. There will be no cosmical subscription funds for us when we are cold and shivering, and when we can make nothing we require. Residence on the moon might be a fitting comparison of our state when the coal-scuttle is empty.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE FIRST AERIAL POST.

THE first dispatch of letters by aerial post in this country, under the auspices of the G.P.O., was successfully carried out last Saturday, the route being from the aerodrome at Hendon to the grounds of Windsor Castle. The scheme was formed by Mr. D. Lewis-Poole and Captain Windham, who recently arranged a similar aerial post at Allahabad, and the Post Office undertook to collect the aerial mails at Windsor, and deliver them at their destinations. The object of the experiment was to test the possibilities of an aerial postal service in time of war or during any stoppage of the ordinary post. There was a great demand for the special envelopes and post-cards, and nearly a quarter of a million missives were posted for the aerial service. Among them were several letters and newspapers for the King, and a message from the Suffragettes to Mr. Asquith demanding votes for women. The letters received a special postmark which will become historic. The weather conditions were unfavourable on Saturday, and only one aerial postman, Mr. Hamel, left Hendon; but, in spite of the strong wind, he made a plucky and splendidly successful flight to Windsor and back. He accomplished the outward journey in only twelve minutes, flying at 105 miles an hour, descending at 5.11 p.m. near the Mausoleum at Frogmore. He left again at 6.5, and reached Hendon just before 6.30.

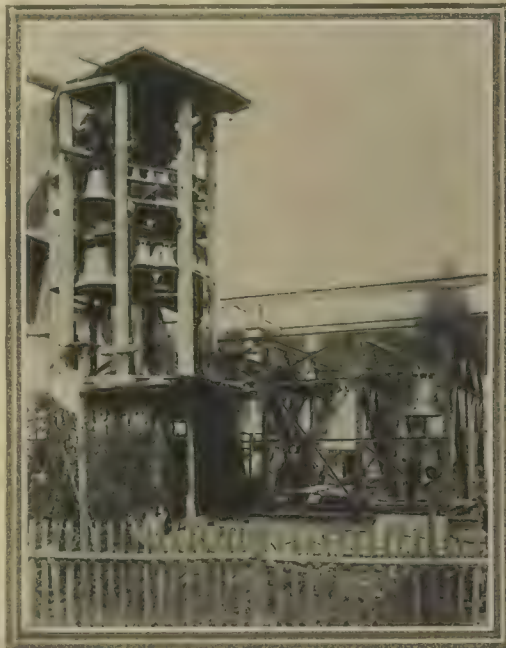


Photo: L.N.A.

CAST BY FRANZ SCHILLING, OF APOLDA: A REMARKABLE 37-BELL CARILLON IN THE TOWER OF ST. CATHARINE'S, DANTZIG.

The bells and the apparatus which goes with them weigh 1350 cwt. The carillon system of bell-ringing is greatly in vogue on the Continent, and especially in Holland. The bells are sounded by a barrel worked by hand, clockwork, or a keyboard resembling that of a piano. When the last-named arrangement is used, the "ringer" strikes the keys either with his hand or with a mallet, and works a set of pedals for the bass bells. Notable carillons in this country are those of Boston Church, Worcester Cathedral, Bradford Town Hall, Shoreditch, and Rochdale Town Hall.

hailing from New Zealand. The address of Sir W. Ramsay, however, has other aspects than those which commend the study of coal-problems to the people and to the Government which represents them. It is valuable because it teaches us once more the great lesson which needs to be enforced—namely, that you cannot get energy (or the power of doing work) out of nothing. On the contrary, to produce power you have to spend money by way of generating it. Some people can never realise this elementary cosmical truth. They do not realise that all the force in the world, from the stroke of a piston to the beat or throb of a heart, has to be paid for at first hand. We may store up energy, it is true, and keep it on the premises in a storage battery and in our muscles, but nature has already demanded payment for both forms of force. It is always a ready-money transaction. Nature gives no credit; she runs no bills. To obtain energy for your heart-beats you have to supply yourself with food, just as to generate electricity and to store it you have to buy coal to set your dynamo in motion. There may be in the future of science means found to economise energy, and to make a certain amount go further in the way of work than it does to-day. This is not only possible, but it is a realised fact of to-day with electrical and turbine machinery consuming less coal, costing less to produce energy, and therefore economising resources. But even with such improvements, the grim fundamental law remains everlastingly before us. To do anything in the world at all, you must, as Kipling says, "Pay! Pay! Pay!"

It is astonishing to find that this plain truth is hardly realised by the Man in the Street—or his wife. I heard a lady remark not so very long ago that it was ridiculous to use gas when electricity cost little or nothing. She supposed—I learnt this through a little cross-examination—that they got it "somehow or other out of the air!" If even educated people will not trouble



Photo: L.N.A.

WITH WORKS OF OLD IRON, BRASS, LEAD, STEEL, AND TIN: THE NEW "GLORY-BE-TO-GOD" CLOCK AT WOOTTON RIVERS CHURCH, WILTSHIRE.

[Continued.

dedicated the other day. To the making of the timepiece went parts of agricultural machinery, fire-irons, bedsteads, old bicycles, brass weights, and perambulators, disused milk-separators (for the two big wheels) and a governor-bell from a steam engine (which acts as hammer) to strike the hours on the largest bell of a peal of five. One of the three dials has the words "Glory be to God" instead of the customary numerals.

THE "SURPRISE PORTRAIT" ON THE HAT-BOX: A PAYING COMPLIMENT.



SOME of the leading milliners of Paris have introduced a new device for paying a pretty compliment to their best customers, and one that is well calculated to please them and cause them to continue to give the establishment their patronage. When a client of distinction enters the shop and proceeds to try on the various new "creations" which the fashionable milliner produces, all unknown to herself the customer is sitting, or rather standing, for her portrait to an artist in concealment behind a screen. Absorbed in the fascinating occupation of trying on a new hat, with her whole attention fixed on the reflection of herself in the glass, she is quite oblivious of the artist's presence. Meanwhile he swiftly transfers to paper the features of his unconscious subject.

AS every woman knows, the operation of trying on a new hat is not one that can be accomplished in five minutes; it generally takes at least half-an-hour, if not considerably longer. This gives the hidden artist plenty of time to catch the features and expression of the fair customer, and the details of her costume. What is her surprise, therefore, on receiving the next day the hat-box containing her purchase, to find pasted upon the box an original drawing of herself wearing the new *chapeau*! The large boxes required to contain millinery of the present fashion lend themselves admirably to the purpose. Sometimes the portrait is affixed to the top of the box, sometimes to the side. Doubtless these boxes will become eagerly sought after by the collector of *bibels*.

TRYING ON A HAT AND, UNCONSCIOUSLY, SITTING FOR HER PORTRAIT: A GOOD CLIENT AT A FRENCH MILLINER'S SKETCHED BY AN ARTIST BEHIND A SCREEN, THAT HER "SURPRISE" LIKENESS MAY BE PUT ON HER HAT-BOX.

We illustrate on this page a dainty idea from France, which might well be imitated in this country by those whose business it is to create fashions for the fashionable woman, and, having found a good customer, to keep her in face of all opposition. Surely so delicate an

attention could not fail to please, more especially if the concealed artist had more than a suggestion of the courtier in his composition, and succeeded in producing a portrait of his unconscious "sitter," which should be at once faithful and idealised.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



Photo. Rel.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE ELDORADO MUSIC-HALL AND THEATRE ANNEXE AT NICE; SOLDIERS HURRYING TO THE RESCUE OF THOSE IN THE RUINS.
An annexe in course of construction at the Eldorado music-hall and theatre at Nice fell on Friday of last week while fifty or sixty men were at work. Twelve or thirteen of these escaped just before the collapse was complete; the others were buried in the ruins. There were a number of deaths.

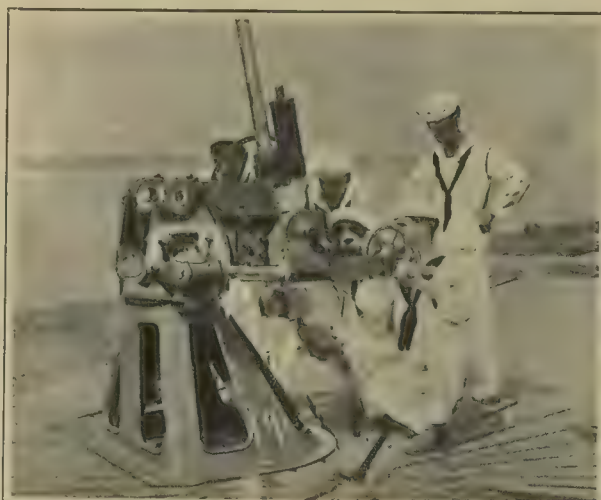


Photo. Fleet.

DESIGNED FOR USE AGAINST AIR-SCOUTS; THE NEW FIFTY-SHOTS-A-MINUTE GUN COMPLETED FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

So soon as it became evident that air-craft were to be of value in war, the Powers of the world began the construction of weapons for use against the flying scouts. It is expected that the new United States naval gun here shown will take high rank amongst these. It has a range of three miles and can fire fifty shots a minute.



MADE OUT OF TWO COTTAGES; A CURIOUS CHURCH IN THE GROUNDS OF MR. GEORGE COATS'S SCOTTISH SEAT, NEAR ABOYNE.

This peculiarly interesting church, which is neither more nor less than two old stone cottages knocked into one, is in the grounds of Mr. George Coats's Scottish seat, near Aboyne. Its roof is adorned with skulls and antlers of deer, and the seats are covered with deer-skins. In a corner of the church is a palm branch brought from Jerusalem in 1875.



Photos. Topical.

SHOWING THE SKULLS OF DEER AND THE PALM BRANCH BROUGHT FROM JERUSALEM IN 1875. A PART OF THE CEILING OF THE CHURCH.



MAKING A FRESH LINK BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH WOOLWICH; EXCAVATING LONDON CLAY FROM THE CAISSON OF THE NEW THAMES TUNNEL FOR FOOT-PASSENGERS.

A new foot-passenger tunnel between North and South Woolwich is nearly complete. It will be 550 yards long, and eleven feet six inches wide. Its course is practically that of the ferry. In some places it is only ten feet below the river bed.



Photos. News Illustr.

THE MAKING OF A 550-YARD TUNNEL BELOW THE BED OF THE THAMES; ONE OF THE SHAFTS WHICH WILL CONTAIN THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE TUNNEL.

"TORPEDOING" THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: SUBMARINE MANŒUVRES AND TORPEDO-BOAT EVOLUTIONS OFF THE EASTERN END OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



1. SHOWING THE TRACK OF ONE TORPEDO AND THE SPLASH MADE BY ANOTHER AS IT ENTERED THE WATER; A PHOTOGRAPH OF A TORPEDO-BOAT STEAMING PAST THE "REVENGE," ON BOARD WHICH WERE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Our photographs illustrate interesting evolutions which took place off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight for the enlightenment of members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, who were on the "Revenge." This battle-ship was made the target of a number of torpedoes fired from destroyers and submerged submarines. The "C 32," with nothing but her periscope above the water, torpedoed the vessel amidships. In the first

2. FIRST WARNING OF THE SUBMARINE'S PRESENCE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD: THE TRAIL OF A TORPEDO FROM THE SUBMERGED "C 32."

3. AFTER HER TORPEDO ATTACK ON THE "REVENGE"; THE "C 32" COMING TO THE SURFACE IN "SLOPING" POSITION.

photograph may be seen the splash made by a torpedo just fired from the vessel shown; as well as the track left by another torpedo, fired by the torpedo-boat preceding that in the photograph. With regard to the second and third photographs, it may be said that the first warning of the "C 32's" presence in the neighbourhood of the "Revenge" was the striking of that battle-ship by a torpedo from the submarine.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY SILK.]

LITERATURE



Mr. W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S.,
Part-author, with Mr. W. S. Berridge, of "The Book of the Zoo."

Photograph by Maitland and Fox.



Mr. W. PERCIVAL WESTALL, F.L.S.,
Part-author, with Mr. W. S. Berridge, of "The Book of the Zoo."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

—LORNA DOONE—

that to call even a better work than this "the" book of the "Zoo" would be rather presumptuous ("The Book of the Zoo," by W. S. Berridge and W. P. Westall, J. M. Dent). Nevertheless, it is a very good specimen of the nature books, profusely illustrated with good photographs from life, which find a ready sale nowadays. Indeed, Mr. Berridge has made such a specialty of photography at the "Zoo" that this volume probably contains as good a collection of pictures of wild creatures in captivity as has ever been got together; and the chapters which he contributes to the volume are full of first-hand observations, which give the work a distinct scientific value, as well as a popular interest. Especially attractive to those who have never been admitted behind the scenes at the "Zoo" are the descriptions and illustrations of the way in which the creatures are handled, when this is necessary, by their keepers. An ordinary man might be brave, and yet hesitate to attempt to carry two large vultures at once; but by getting a good grip of the primary feathers of both wings together you can carry a vulture in each hand almost as easily as a carpet bag. A crane, again, might seem to be a very awkward subject to carry, with its extraordinary long legs kicking "like anything"; but

when you know, as the keeper knows, that the long legs can be folded up like a pair of compasses, and the whole bird be packed under your arm, you might carry your huge Stanley Crane up Regent Street as easily as an umbrella. Most interesting of all the chapters is that which deals with "A Modern Orpheus," a gentleman who prefers to hide his identity from the book-reading public under the incognito of "Mr. A."

Unlike Orpheus, he carries no lyre to soothe the savage breasts of the wild beasts; and we cannot

and "Maori Browne's" narrative, albeit a trifle pungent, should find plenty of readers. "With the Lost Legion in New Zealand" (T. Werner Laurie) fights the old battles over again and tells how the efforts of brave, determined men were hampered by the New Zealand Government's peace party and by the early experiment of sending out Regular soldiers to cope with savages who do not fight by the book. Nowadays such a course is possible—modern artillery has made all the difference; but in the 'sixties the labour was of another kind, and those who brought the fight to an end were the officers and men of the Lost Legion, the strenuous fighters to whose memory "Maori Browne" dedicates his book. The author does

no parallel case in history," says "Maori Browne," "where a man so hunted ever successfully evaded pursuit, but he eventually did so." The Maori campaign was a terrible affair; neither side spared its prisoners. We read of a trooper, whose wife and children had been murdered, shooting down in cold blood eight men who were awaiting their trial. They belonged to the company that did the deed, and this sufficed the trooper, whose action is applauded by the author. Such an incident does not make for pleasant reflections, but it is well to suspend judgment unless we are sure that we can realise the feelings of a trooper whose wife and children have been put to death in fashion unspeakable. "Maori Browne" does not shrink from much, but he will not put upon paper any detailed description of the native tortures or the native dances—"for this relief much thanks." In truth, the nameless pioneers who gave their life to make New Zealand what it is to-day would seem to have been the only men to compass such a task, and they have found an honest historian.

"The Romance of the Fiddle."

The place in the world of music of the violin and its immediate family is a remarkable one, for, while the violin is not more than three hundred and fifty years old, some of the instruments it has replaced in public regard appear in modified forms at least fifteen hun-

dred years before the Christian era. The present violin technique is of still more recent date: it is little more than a century old, Viotti and Paganini are the proper parents of Joachim and Ysaÿe. Now the change in technique can be best mastered by perusal of old text-books, and the study of these works is bound to appeal to lovers of the leading instrument of our time.

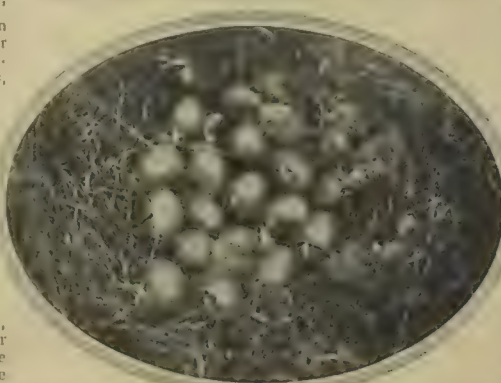
Down to the present it has been left to the enthusiast to make his own researches, but Mr. E. Van der Straeten has come to the rescue. The author of



REMINISCENT OF ALICE AND HER FLAMINGO: THE PROPER WAY TO CARRY A CRANE.

"On catching a crane, prior to shifting it to new quarters, it should be lifted bodily up and the arm passed round the body; the dangling legs should then be folded up as if the bird were in a sitting position, and firmly held by the hand under the body." The result recalls Alice and the flamingo at the croquet party given by the Queen of Hearts.

Reproduced from "The Book of the Zoo," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Messrs. J. M. Dent.



BIRDS' EGGS GLAZED LIKE PORCELAIN: A NEST AND EGGS OF THE TINAMOU AT THE ZOO.

"The eggs of the tinamou, or Argentine partridge, are very remarkable in having such a shiny texture as to give the appearance of being highly varnished. These were eventually put into an incubator, for the birds seemed only to take interest as to the number they could lay in a given space, and absolutely refused to sit on them." The tinamou, of which there are some forty different species in South America, are much weaker in flight than our partridges and more easily killed.

Reproduced from "The Book of the Zoo," by W. S. Berridge and W. Percival Westall—by Courtesy of the Publisher, Messrs. J. M. Dent.

not mince his words—in truth, one could wish that he had not depended upon slang for so many of his effects in presenting a picture of the conditions under which the campaign was carried on. Nothing need be more spirited than the account of the pursuit of Te Kooti, the Maori Nana Sahib, who, after being defeated again and again, found refuge in the country of the Waikatos and lived peacefully there for twenty years. "I myself know of



MORE EXCITING THAN DRAKE'S GAME OF BOWLS IN SIGHT OF THE ARMADA: "LOST BALL"—CRICKET UNDER FIRE DURING THE NEW ZEALAND WARS OF 1865-1871.

"The eager fielder throws himself on his nose, hunting cover, and drawing his revolver lets go the agonising shout of 'Lost ball!' . . . Out of that patch of manuka scrub dart several spurts of flame and smoke, and a number of balls of a different nature whistle round his head, and I ask you present-day cricketers which of you would have cared to have fielded that ball and slung it in to the expectant wicket-keeper? Or would you have hunted cover and howled 'Lost ball!' as that Pigeon did?"

Reproduced from Colonel G. Hamilton-Kemp's Book, "With the Lost Legion in New Zealand," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.



HARDER TO TACKLE THAN FARMYARD POULTRY: THE CORRECT WAY OF CARRYING A VULTURE.

"Vultures and eagles are not pleasant things to have to carry, for their powerful beaks and claws have to be avoided. In the accompanying picture the proper method is shown, for by holding the birds with the tips of both wings firmly grasped in one hand the birds are powerless to do any damage, being without the use of their most necessary means of locomotion."

Reproduced from "The Book of the Zoo," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Messrs. J. M. Dent.

suppose that the cigar which is always in his mouth has any more seductive effect upon the lions, tigers, and leopards than his silk hat or frock coat; yet he may often be seen going from cage to cage, stroking, tickling, and patting the inmates, who rush to the bars to greet him, as if the bare hand which he thrusts between the bars were not flesh and blood. With the exception of the jaguar, it seems that the most ferocious creatures become his humblest friends, among the birds as well as the mammals; and the ecstasies with which one eagle greets him are absurd to see. In the small birds' aviaries, too, it is delightful to witness the evident pleasure with which they flutter up to him as soon as he enters; and only those who are acquainted with the innate savagery of some small animals, such as the Cape Ratel, can properly realise the wonder which he achieves when he gives this bloodthirsty vermin of South Africa his finger to chew in token of confidence and friendship.

"With the Lost Legion in New Zealand." New Zealand to-day is so peaceful, prosperous, and law-abiding that it is hard to remember the conditions that prevailed less than fifty years ago, when Great Britain was reducing the savage Maori Hau-Haus to submission—a seven years' labour. The story is worth retelling,

"The History of the Violoncello" and other works of musical interest has just given us "The Romance of the Fiddle" (Rebman, Ltd.), in which he tells us of the origin of the modern virtuoso and of the adventures of his ancestors. The book is clearly the outcome of most careful study, and its authority has been reinforced by the authorities of the British Museum, and some distinguished amateurs and critics. From the days of Catherine de' Medici, when Baltazarini, the first violinist known to history and inventor of the Masque, was appointed master of the royal private band of King Charles IX. in Paris, down to the end of the eighteenth century, no important development in the history of the violin would appear to be overlooked. Mr. Van der Straeten has not, of course, been able to avoid technical details. At the same time he has managed to include a large number of really interesting anecdotes, and many illustrations of more than average merit. The collection of old programmes and advertisements, the references to old-time players and the places in which they were to be heard, afford glimpses of a vanished London. The result is a book that, while it deals largely with technical matters, must appeal to all who are interested in musical development, for the author has handled good material to the best advantage.

"UNKNOWN SAVAGES": BRITAIN'S NEXT "LITTLE WAR"—AGAINST THE ABORS.



1. OF THE PEOPLE WHO MASSACRED MR. NOEL WILLIAMSON AND DR. GREGORSON AND AGAINST WHOM A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION IS ABOUT TO SET OUT; A GROUP OF ABORS.
3. FRIENDLY "UNKNOWN SAVAGES": PEACEFUL ABORS WITH A EUROPEAN.
5. NATURAL ENEMIES AT PEACE: AN ABOR MAN AND AN ABOR WOMAN (ON THE LEFT) AND A MIRI (ON THE RIGHT).

It was announced the other day that the punitive expedition against the Abors, the tribe who murdered the Political Officer, Mr. Noel Williamson, and Dr. Gregorson last April, will probably start between the middle and the end of October. It is understood that the force under the command of General Bower, commanding the Assam Brigade, will consist of from 2000 to 2500 men, plus some 500 military police, who will keep the line of communications

2. IN THE JUNGLE COUNTRY WHICH IS TO BE THE SCENE OF BRITAIN'S NEXT "LITTLE WAR": AN ABOR MAN AND ABOR WOMAN (ON THE LEFT, PROBABLY, A MIRI).
4. OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN FEAR OF THE ABORS: MIRIS.
6. MEMBERS OF THE TRIBE AGAINST WHOM THE EXPEDITION HAS BEEN SENT: ABOR MEN AND WOMEN.

and so on. The Abor country being dense jungle, everything will have to be carried on men's heads in loads of about 50 lb. This work will be done by about 2500 coolies. It is understood that the Abors mean to fight, for they are a turbulent people who describe themselves as "tigers; and two cannot dwell in one den." They are of Tibeto-Burman origin. Their name means "Unknown savages." Nowadays many of them are armed with rifles and guns.

FRANCE AND GERMANY—PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BOTH.



FRENCH CUSTOMS OFFICIALS AND THEIR CANINE "AIDES": PREVENTERS OF FOOD-SMUGGLING ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER IN THEIR SLEEPING-BAGS.

Now that we are hearing so much of what has been called the "egg and butter strike" in France, these photographs are of special value as showing precautions taken by the French Customs to prevent the smuggling of food, and especially of saccharine, across the Belgian frontier. It will be seen that the officials are aided by dogs, and that they are made as comfortable as possible under difficult conditions by means of special sleeping-bags.



Photos. Illustrations Eureau.

READY FOR THEIR DIFFICULT DUTIES: FRENCH CUSTOMS OFFICERS ENGAGED IN STOPPING FOOD-SMUGGLING, WITH BEDS ON BACK AND DOGS IN LEASH.



Photo. Bremer.

THE DRINK OF HONOUR: THE KAISER TAKING A DRAUGHT BEFORE THE ALTONA TOWN HALL, HAMBURG, DURING THE MANŒUVRES.

Altona is on the right bank of the Elbe, and adjoins Hamburg, with which it is one in its business and shipping relations. It grew into being in the sixteenth century, when certain inhabitants of Hamburg, driven out of that city on account of their religion, settled there.



TENT AND INFANTRYMAN'S WATERPROOF IN ONE: THE WATERPROOF.



Photos. C.N.

MILITARY TENT AND INFANTRYMAN'S WATERPROOF COMBINED IN ONE: THE TENT.

The ingenuity of the German in military matters is proverbial. He has the knack of making and using what may be termed composite "tools," a very decided advantage in that it lessens the amount of equipment to be carried and thus increases the marching power of the men. A case of this ingenuity is illustrated in these photographs, which show material used for a tent in its alternative form as an infantryman's waterproof.

"How Sanatogen restored me to health:"

An Interview with Madame Sarah Grand.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I owe my complete restoration to health to Sanatogen," said Madame Sarah Grand to an interviewer to whom she had kindly promised to give some particulars of her forthcoming novel, "and I still rely upon it.

"It is some time now since Sanatogen was first brought to my notice by someone who really knew what it is capable of doing for people who are run down in their general health, and, as I was at the time, are suffering from nervous breakdown. I was really very ill.

The Cause of my Breakdown.

"My nervous breakdown was due to overwork. I had been lecturing, writing and travelling hard for several months in the United States. Hard work at any one of them is as much as the ordinary nervous system could stand, so I could scarcely wonder that mine gave out. I had no sooner come home, than circumstances made it necessary for me to undertake the strain of nursing for several weeks. As soon as that was over I had to go on a long lecture tour, during which I spoke in at least four different towns every week. The result of this strain was complete collapse. I had all the usual distressing symptoms of nervous breakdown—restlessness, irritability, insomnia and inability to concentrate my attention on anything.

The Futility of the Rest Cure.

"A rest cure was prescribed. I stayed in bed, saw no one, did nothing, and was given more to eat than a navvy in full work could possibly have assimilated. The experience interested me, and I persevered with milk, mutton chops, and chronic boredom until I began to fear for my life. Then I fled to the sea-side and a bath-chair. But that did not answer until Sanatogen was recommended to me, and I began to take

it regularly, three times a day. The effect was gradual, a building-up process, but not jerry-building; the work was done to last. It took four months, but at the end of that time my nerves were normal and I was able to work for longer at a time and with less fatigue than I had ever felt before.

"I have known Sanatogen answer admirably in several cases that have come under my own personal observation, and have heard of many more from doctors and from

before my own health was completely restored.

"I still take it, and, the more I use it, the more impressed I am with its value. I find it gives me staying power in a way that nothing else does. If I have a speech to make in public, a lecture to deliver, or any other nerve-racking time of trial before me, I always take some. It pulls me together for the time being and I never feel so exhausted afterwards.

Why I believe in Sanatogen.

"I should think it would be invaluable for actors as well as for public speakers. Many writers, I know, pin their faith to it when they are working. It has enabled me to do as much work in one month as I used to do in six. I have published a good number of articles and short stories of late, but they do not nearly represent the amount of writing I have done. I have three novels in hand and shall have one of them quite ready for publication shortly. The other two will follow quickly, I hope, but the exact date I cannot tell you."

Sarah Grand



Photo by [Lafayette].
The Latest Portrait of Madame Sarah Grand,
the well-known author of "The Heavenly Twins."

unknown people who, seeing my letter on the subject, wrote to ask me for information, and then wrote again to tell me that they had acted on my recommendation and were entirely satisfied with the result.

"Everyone does not respond with promptness to Sanatogen, though I know one lady who says that she feels better after a single dose. But to be permanently benefited by it, you must persevere with it. As I have told you, it was four months

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[In order to afford the public an opportunity of testing the preparation which, according to Madame Sarah Grand's own definite and unqualified statement, restored her completely to health, the proprietors, Messrs. A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., will send a free sample of Sanatogen to all who have not already tried it, if they mention this paper and enclose two penny stamps to cover postage.

Sanatogen is sold in two varieties, Flavoured and Unflavoured, by all chemists. Price 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. per tin.]

SANATOGEN

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

CLAIMS for world's records are frequently very recklessly made, with regard to all sorts and conditions of performances, not excepting feats of automobilism. However it may be in other and more loosely controlled connections, it cannot be too widely known that records achieved by motor vehicles upon the track can only be classified as world's records if application has been made by the owner of the particular vehicle concerned to the national automobile club of his country to have the accumulated data laid before the next meeting of the International Association of Recognised Clubs. All world's records have to be made under specified conditions as laid down by the International Association, and when investigation by the national club has shown that these conditions have been strictly observed, then and then only is the record entered in the register kept in the Bureau of the International Commission at Paris. World's records are concerned with speed alone, and there is no classification for motor vehicles with regard to such.

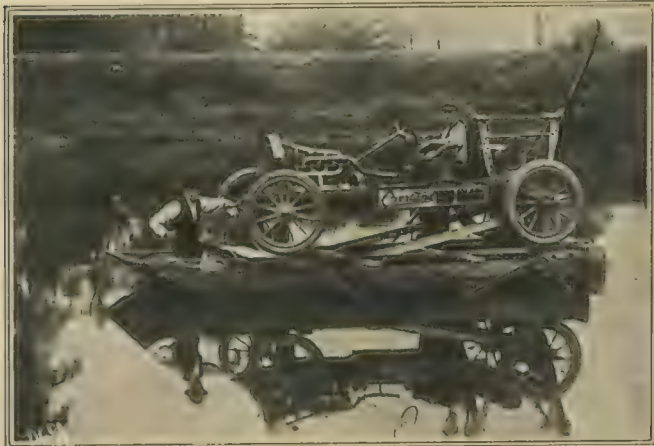


Photo. Skelstone.

A CAR THAT SEEMS TO RUN ON WATER: AN AMERICAN "WIND WAGON CATAMARAN." A resident of Indianapolis, U.S.A., has found a new use for his car. He fastened it securely on a small float, attached an air-propeller eight feet long, similar to that of an aeroplane, and he steers the car by means of wires connecting the steering wheel and the rudder. When the propeller revolves at a high speed, about 600 times a minute, the float sinks under the surface, and from the river bank the car looks as if it were running on the water. This "wind wagon catamaran," as it has been dubbed, has beaten every launch on the river. The car weighs 1800 lb.

The arm of the Automobile Association is far-reaching indeed, exceeding even the octopcean scope of Scotland Yard. Unlike the Empire, the Yard's frontier stops at Brighton Beach. To cut a long story short,

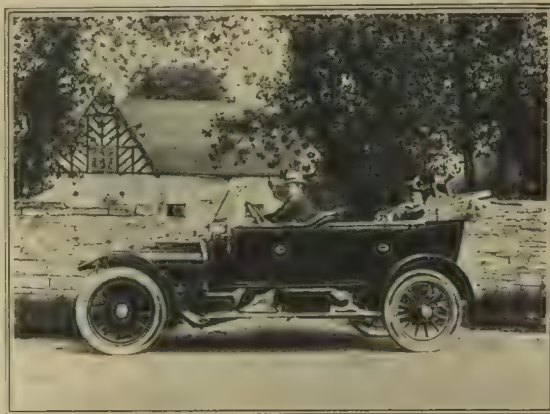
it suffices to say that while touring in France, and by the wiles of a make-believe chauffeur, a member was despoiled of his car. Going to his garage one morning, he was informed that his employee had taken it away at 4 a.m. because his master wanted it early. Notification to the local police and advertisements in the Riviera papers were of no effect. As suggested, Scotland Yard when applied to could do nothing. But so soon as the A.A. were informed, that body within a few hours offered a reward and sent a description of the car to every garage and hotel within two hundred miles of Nice, and also informed all the *douanes* on the French frontiers. Within three days the car was found. It had been abandoned at L'Argentière, near Briançon, and the owner shortly recovered it. Another bouquet to be thrown to the A.A.

There is much complaint at the moment anent inconsiderate and incompetent driving.

It is certain and sure that, if motorists fail in consideration to each other, they will likewise disregard the comfort and convenience of other users of the highway. And I regret to say that it is impossible to drive one's own car within a fifty miles' radius of London and not to meet with a great deal of careless, and all too frequently wilfully careless, driving. Approaching cars are held much too long to the crown of the road before dropping to their proper side, and when the liveried and capped professional driver is at the wheel, not only is the crown of the road held much too long, but the approaching vehicle is cut a great deal too close. Car-owners who affect paid drivers are frequently much to blame in not insisting upon considerate driving on the part of their servants, and taking note when on the road that the road is properly used. When approaching any vehicle, car, or anything else, the intention to hold down to the left

should be indicated long before the vehicles pass each other—indeed, almost as soon as they come into sight. This practice (reversed) appears to obtain in France generally, and might be followed to advantage in this country. The paid driver is the trouble here.

The new 25-30-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam may be said to have made its bow to the public in the late

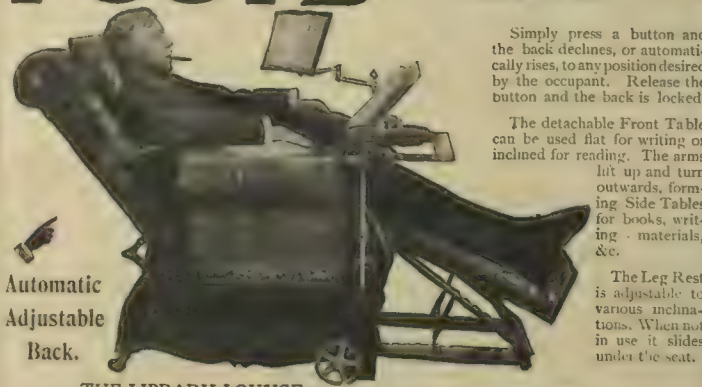


FITTED WITH "RACERISED" STEERING, AND VERY COMFORTABLE: A 20-28 H.P. WOLSELEY TORPEDO PHAETON.

The car, which is painted dark green with black mouldings, is very comfortably upholstered, the cushion rolls on the door-tops, giving it a luxurious appearance. It is fitted with "racerised" steering, the front seats being built specially low in consequence. The owner, Mr. William C. Grew, of Barnfield, Knowle, is seen at the wheel.

twelve-hours test at Brooklands. Driven by Messrs. Coatalen and T. Richards in two-hours spells, the car ran through at an average speed of 75.7 miles per hour, with five short stops for changing wheels and replenishing with oil and petrol. This fine performance must not be underrated, for it should be realised that a lengthened effort of this kind imposes in rapid succession a series of shocks which would in ordinary use be spread over months, and then not administered with such severity. Moreover, it should be noted that the car is under a full-power test all the time, and so such a trial differs very widely from legal-limit reliability trials upon the road. A car which would go without scathe through a thousand or two thousand miles reliability trial at the funereal Parliamentary speed might very probably crack up in the early hours of a Brooklands bucketing such as that out of which the six-cylinder Sunbeam issued so triumphantly.

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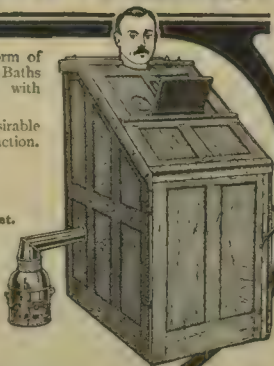
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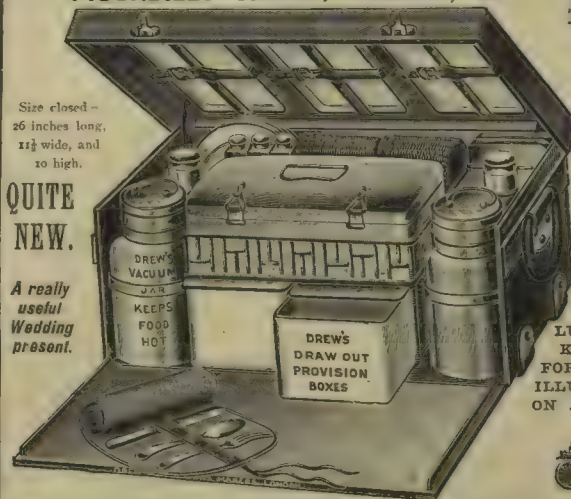
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LADIES' PAGE.

A CHURCH paper has revived discussion on the dangers of the Communion Cup. Modern science, with its discoveries of the infinitely tiny microbes of infectious disease, has given added force to an objection that scrupulous refinement long ago felt and occasionally expressed. Yet how to overcome the express injunction of the hour in which the Last Supper was founded puzzles purists. A clergyman writes to tell what happened when he introduced into his church a separate small cup for the use of each communicant; these cups were manufactured of paper, and were sufficiently inexpensive to be destroyed after one use. His Bishop was promptly informed of the circumstance, and wrote to the priest requesting him to cease the innovation, because it was not in harmony with the Scriptural injunction, which every member of the Christian Church knows well. Another correspondent, a lady, states that she never attempts to partake of the cup, but merely holds it near to her mouth and passes it on untasted; obviously, this is shirking not merely the letter, but the very spirit of the Communion as understood in the Protestant Church. Probably everybody knows that in the Roman Communion the cup is not handed to the ordinary worshippers, but is reserved for the priest. This, however, is doctrinal, not hygienic, for in older days there was no comprehension that "microbes" might be handed with the wine.

The "loving-cup" that is still passed round at London civic feasts is but a relic of a widespread custom in past times. It was usual for many centuries for a couple to eat from the same trencher as they sat side by side, especially if they were intimate friends or husband and wife. Walpole says that the old Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, in the middle of the eighteenth century, retained the ancient customs of their house, and ate from one platter, as they sat side by side upon a dais at the head of the room in which their dependants dined at the same time as themselves. The City "loving-cup," which contains a strongly spiced wine, passes round the table from lip to lip after dinner, two persons always standing up to take it—another survival, for the one stood to defend his neighbour from unexpected attacks while drinking—and each hastily wipes with his napkin the spot that his own lips have touched before handing the big silver two-handled goblet to his standing neighbour. This City custom is probably a relic of the New Year's wassail bowl of our pagan Saxon ancestors. Miss Strickland, however, says that the loving-cup was invented by Margaret Atheling, the Christian Queen of Malcolm Kenmore, in order to induce the undevout followers of her husband to remain for grace after meat; she had the big cup filled with choice wine and passed round for each person to drink the fullest draught that he could—but not till after grace was said! In the old Universities, the common cup of spiced drink is known accordingly as "the grace cup."



A SMART GOWN FOR AUTUMN.

The cross-over corsage will be fashionable as exploited in this gown of dark cloth, handsomely braided, with underskirt of a lighter colour. The helmet hat is of dark felt, with light ostrich plumes.

There is to be established in Kensington Palace a "London Museum" in permanence, similar to the Musée Cluny in Paris; and amongst other things the director has obtained a very complete collection of historic costumes that have been worn by past denizens of our dear centre-of-everything city. To this collection Queen Mary is presenting both her own Coronation dress and the one in which she attended the Coronation of King Edward. Kensington Palace already displayed some of Queen Victoria's dresses, associated with special events of her life, including the frock in which that wonderful girl held her first Privy Council. The dresses are now to be shown on stands, and the display will be one of permanent interest. But is it not a shocking mistake to include in this Museum of London a number of relics of "celebrated" criminals? To put on show the irons distinguished by having confined Jack Sheppard, and other articles of similar association, is surely a very unwise glorification of low and detestable crime, most unseemly in a national museum! Notoriety in villainy is not fame; yet the half-mad criminal who once set fire to York Cathedral gave as his reason that he "wanted his name to be put in history"; and not long ago the Prefect of Police of Paris begged the French Press to cease reporting the names and crimes of Apaches, since the comrades of the scamps thus "celebrated" were thereby incited to emulate their worst misdeeds. Surely we do not want to see criminals posed as heroes in Kensington Palace. Wiser and more interesting at once is such a display as is given in the stained glass of Liverpool Cathedral Lady Chapel: carrying out the injunction—"Whatsoever is lovely and of good report, think of those things." There the passer-by is reminded of "Catherine Gladstone and all good wives; Angela Burdett-Coutts and all almoners of Heaven; Grace Darling and all brave women"—and so on.

Evening shoes are uncommonly pretty at present. Walking shoes have shown them the way, as it were; and, of course, footwear for full dress must surpass its outdoor rivals in dainty elegance. A piece of the material of a rich gown is often sent to be made up into shoes if the colour be at all difficult to match. Old brocades, chiefly those with an admixture of silver or gold, are sacrificed to the same end. Gold, silver, bronze, and copper tissues make excellent shoes for dancing wear, as these tissues are perfectly pliable, and the metallic tints harmonise with many of the rich trimmings now worn so lavishly and so generally on the evening gowns. White kid beautifully embroidered in gold beads and thread is also a good choice. High heels are universally given to these shoes, yet for dancing a plain straight sole like a sandal would be more comfortable; such a heel-less shoe is always chosen by professional dancers, and was worn by our great-grandmothers when short, tight skirts were in favour before, in Jane Austen's time. The present fashion of dress shows the feet boldly, and high heels seem now universally preferred. FILONENA.



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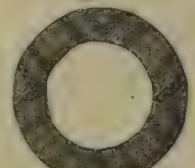
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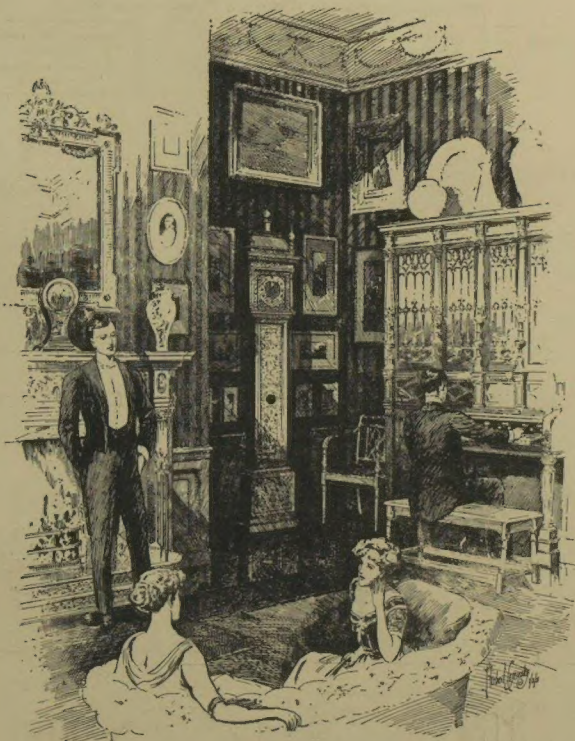
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of the late SIR THEOPHILUS PEEL, Br., of Park Gate, Guiseley, who died on May 20 last, has now been proved in the Wakefield District Registry, the executors being Mr. C. J. Vint, of Bradford, and Dr. Hugh Kershaw, of Pudsey. The gross amount of the estate, including freehold property, is declared at £129,780, and the net personality at £71,921. The charitable legacies given by the will are £500 to the Bradford Royal Infirmary and £500 to the Bradford Children's Hospital. Legacies or annuities are also given to the testator's brothers and sister or their children, and the income of the residue of the estate is bequeathed to the widow. On the death or remarriage of Lady Peel, the bulk of the estate is to be held, in trust, for the issue of one of the nieces.

The will (dated May 11, 1910) of SIR WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT, of Grims Dyke, Harrow Weald, who died on May 29, has been proved by Dame Lucy Agnes Gilbert, widow, Miss Nancy McIntosh, and Percival Birkett, the value of the estate being £111,971. He gave to his wife the Grims Dyke property and effects there, the money in the house and at his banker's, and his stocks, shares, securities, and copyrights; his leasehold premises, the Garrick Theatre, with the fixtures and fittings, to her for life, then to Miss Nancy McIntosh, with remainder to the Actors' Benevolent Fund, "absolutely for the benefit of the said fund"; £200 to the

Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital; his stock of cigars to Carlo Perugini and Henry Rowland Brown; £100 each to friends, and legacies to servants. The residue of the property he left to his wife for life, and then as to one moiety to Stanley Weigall, Mary Weigall, his wife; Mary, daughter of Alfred Weigall, Captain Harold Turner, and Captain Herbert Guy Turner; but each share is limited to £4000, and any surplus is to go to the Royal General Theatrical Fund; and the other moiety between the Rev. Gilbert Weigall,

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1908) of HER GRACE LOUISE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, of 44, Grosvenor Square, who died on July 15, was proved by her son Lord Charles Montagu, the value of the estate being £73,791. The will reads: "I give the large diamond tiara made since my marriage with my late beloved husband the eighth Duke of Devonshire, and the five-row pearl necklace, and the necklace of diamonds given to me by my said husband to Victor Christian William Duke of Devonshire and Evelyn his wife absolutely. I give all the rest of my jewellery, ornaments, laces, furs, and personal effects to my dear daughters, Mary Duchess of Hamilton, Louise Countess of Gosford, and Alice Countess of Derby, equally share and share alike. And as to all the rest of my property real and personal, including my residence, money at the bank, securities for money, arrears of jointure, and all furniture, unto my dear son Lord Charles Montagu."

The will and codicils of MR. LESSER LESSER, of 14, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, and 123, New Bond Street, who died on Aug. 1, are proved by three of his sons, the value of the estate being £301,206. He gives £1000, an annuity of £2200, and the use of his residence to his wife; £500 and £100 a year to his sister, Esther Behrens, and £100 each to her children; £500 per annum to his son Samuel, and on his decease £250 per annum to his wife and £6000 to his children; £100 to his daughter-in-law, Constance; £500 each to his grandsons Charles and Harry; £200 each to the London Hospital and the Jews' Board of Guardians;

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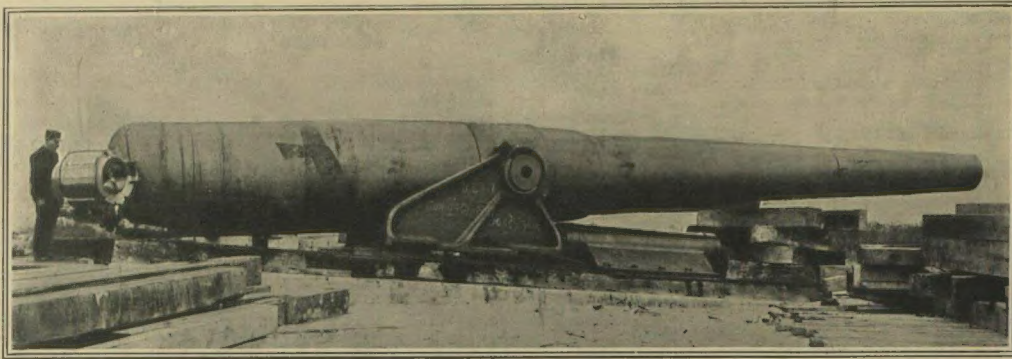


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Edith Weigall, the Rev. Spencer Weigall, Howard Weigall, Harold Weigall, Cyril Weigall, Mary Wise, Dorothy Weigall, and Audrey Weigall, but no share is to exceed £1000, and any surplus is to go to the Royal General Theatrical Fund. He expressed his wish that Lady Gilbert should keep up his subscription to the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea, and to the Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital, and that she should, by her will, leave her property upon the same trusts, as far as practicable, as those of his residuary estate.

died on Aug. 1, are proved by three of his sons, the value of the estate being £301,206. He gives £1000, an annuity of £2200, and the use of his residence to his wife; £500 and £100 a year to his sister, Esther Behrens, and £100 each to her children; £500 per annum to his son Samuel, and on his decease £250 per annum to his wife and £6000 to his children; £100 to his daughter-in-law, Constance; £500 each to his grandsons Charles and Harry; £200 each to the London Hospital and the Jews' Board of Guardians;

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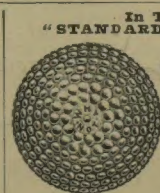
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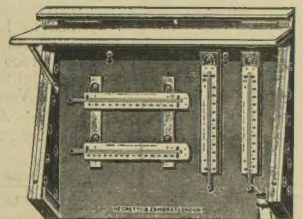


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(Continued.)

£100 each to St. Mary's Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the Home and Hospital for Jewish Incurables, and the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Home; and a few other legacies. On the decease of his wife he gives a further £100 a year to his son Samuel; £4,000 each to his other sons; and £1500 to his daughter, Frances. Subject thereto, all the property is to be held, in trust, for his children Algonon, Ernest, Adrian, Reginald, and Frances.

The will of Mr. GEORGE LAW, of 4, Down Street, Piccadilly, who died on July 30, is now proved, the value of the property being £40,981. He gives £50 each to the executors; his guns and fishing-rods to his two nephews; and the residue to his mother for life, then for his sisters, Eleanor Law and Annie Elizabeth Lee, and the survivors of them, with remainder to his nephews, Jerrold William Law and George Edward Law, and his niece, Florence Edith Mary Law, in equal shares.

The will and codicil of the HON. AMELIA CLEMENTS, widow, of Duncedin, East Side, Kew Green, who died on June 13, have been proved, the value of the estate amounting to £62,664. The testatrix gives £2000 to Lady Emily Harper; £1000 to Lady Selina Lyndon; £12,500 and her personal effects to her nieces Sybil and Isabel Dorothy Verner; £1000 each to Lady Mary Florence Mostyn and her daughter Gwynedd Mary; £500 to her sister Harriet Jane Verner; £1000, in trust, for her sister Frederica Guise; £1000 to her sister

Mrs. Pakenham and £500 each to her children; and the residue to her nephews Sir Edward Wingfield Verner, Bart., and Herbert Wingfield Verner.

The will of Mr. JOHN FRANCIS GASKELL, of Hornton Grounds, Banbury, and Cambus o' May, Aberdeen, who died on Nov. 6, is proved by Mrs. Marion Brooks Gaskell, the widow, and Edward Tootal Broadhurst, the value of the property being £48,937. Subject to legacies of £200 to Mrs. Gaskell and £100 each to Edward T. Broadhurst and Ernest Howard Broadhurst, the testator leaves the whole of the property in trust for his wife for life, with remainder as to the real estate and property in Scotland for his eldest son, and the residue for all his children as Mrs. Gaskell may appoint.

The following important wills have been proved—
Mr. Edward Mortimer Chissold, Ravensworth, Thirlestaine Road, Cheltenham £108,959
Mr. Frederick Moser, Carbery, Christchurch, Hants £106,427
Mr. James Robertson Blackie, Northbank, Downhill, and Ferndene Cove, Dumbarton, and of Blackie and Son, Ltd., publishers, Stanhope Street, Glasgow £86,555
Mr. George Edward Cokayne, Exeter House, Rochester, and Dove House, Green, Ashbourne £76,436

"Wisdom Compressed," a copy of which we have received from Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, is a most

amusing collection of up-to-date epigrams and comic illustrations, well worth the shilling that is asked for it. The book is edited by "Mark Over," with contributions by Mostyn Pigott and Mark Allerton, while the drawings are provided by Messrs. W. K. Haselden, Joseph Simpson, Edmund J. Sullivan, and T. R. Dewar. "Wisdom Compressed" quite justifies the claim that it contains "much matter for laughter, but none for frowns; much sound sense, and not a little excellent fooling."

Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., the well-known soap-makers, have been awarded the Grand Prix at the Festival of Empire Exhibition, at the Crystal Palace.

Messrs. Thermos, Ltd., the manufacturers of the well-known Thermos flasks, Thermos jugs, Thermotots, etc., have been awarded a gold medal at the Festival of Empire Exhibition, Crystal Palace.

Last Monday morning Mr. Cody started at 5.39 a.m. in his attempt for the Michelin Cup. The circuit of 125 miles was from Laffan's Plain to Andover, Hendon, Brooklands, and back to Laffan's Plain. This was successfully accomplished in 3 hours 7 min., so that he thus became first in the running for the Michelin Cup No. 2, the competition for which closes on Oct. 15 next.

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During the great heat, illness has been rife among the Slum Children. HUNDREDS need to be sent away to gain health and strength.

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